

# AMERICAN TURF REGISTER

AND

## SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.]

FEBRUARY, 1893.

[No. 6.

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EMBLEM—Portraiture of imported HEDGFORD, engraved by Johnson, from a			
painting by Willard.			

### MEMOIR OF HEDGFORD.

THE notice of imported Hedgford which follows, is the one with which we were supplied by his owner, Mr. Jackson. In that very spirited and entertaining journal, "THE TRAVELLER AND SPIRIT OF THE TIMES IN NEW YORK," there is a much fuller and more complete account of his races, inasmuch as it gives the time and place of each, with the names of his numerous competitors, and the more to be relied on and appreciated, as it was compiled with the care and accuracy of the OLD TURFMAN. Our whole space was appropriated before it reached us; and if the memoir which follows falls short of what we could have wished, it will yet fulfil the expectation of those more immediately interested, by whom it was placed in our hands.

Hedgford has been placed, for the season, in the hands of a gentleman of great observation, who will know how to husband his powers, and will be careful of all females that may be sent to receive his embraces. He will have to encounter many distinguished rivals, and thrice illustrious will be the blood of him whose get, amongst those of Timoleon, Eclipse, Luzborough, Gohanna, Sir Charles, John Richards, Silverheels, Young Truffle, Rinaldo, Byron, Monsieur Tonson, Fylde, Barefoot and Hedgford, with others in Virginia, shall wear the laurels to be won in eighteen hundred and thirty-six.

Hedgford is full brother to Birmingham. (For his pedigree, see p. 262 of this volume.) He is a beautiful dark brown, with black legs, having no white marks, except a beautiful star in the forehead; is sixteen hands and a half high, and for symmetry and muscular strength, not surpassed by any horse.

**PERFORMANCES.**—In 1828 he won the maiden plate at Chester; beating Joceline, and three other favorite horses. The gold cup and a sweepstakes at Nottingham.

In 1829, the members' plate at Chester.

In 1830, the Cheshire stakes of twenty-five sovereigns each, fifteen subscribers; a stake of ten sovereigns each, with forty added, eight subscribers; and a £50 plate at Wrexham.

Among the numerous horses which Hedgford beat are the following: Scarbrough, Camellia, Silverlock, Strephon, The Marshal, Nimrod, Mermaid, Stapeley, Master Henry, Ultimatum, Fortitude, Navarino, Courtier, Sandoval, Hazard, Sprig, Effie, Rolla and Lady Bird—all crack horses of the day.

Filho da Puta (the sire of Hedgford) was got by Haphazard; his dam Mrs. Barnet, by Waxy; grandam by Woodpecker; great grandam Heinal, by Squirrel; Principessa, by Blank, &c. &c.

Filho da Puta won the great Doncaster St. Leger in 1815; Orville, the sire of Hedgford's dam, won the St. Leger in 1802; and Birmingham, full brother to Hedgford, won the St. Leger in 1830.

Birmingham's winnings, exclusive of the St. Leger, have been greater than any other five year old of the same day. Gentlemen, who will take the trouble to examine the Racing Calendar and Stud Book, will find that he is descended from a family of stout and true runners, which will appear by the following brief sketch of the performance of a few of Filho da Puta's get, viz: in 1823, ten were winners; in 1824, twenty were winners; in 1825, seventeen winners; in 1826, twenty winners; in 1827, twenty-two winners; in 1828, thirty-four winners; in 1829, twenty-eight winners; in 1830, thirty-one winners; in 1831, twenty-seven winners; which gives to him the reputation of being the sire of more winning horses, up to that date, than any other stal-

lion in England can boast of having produced in the same length of time. Among them may be noted Sherwood, The Agent, Fille de Joi, Palatine, Alecto, Escape, Fair Rosalind, Haji Baba, Miller of Mansfield, Orthodox, Arachne, Doctor Faustus, Elephanta, Hexgrave, Maid of Mansfield, Forester Lass, Harriet, Sangredo, His Grace, Astonishment, Betsey Bedlam, Charnwood, Columbia, Jocko, Father Longlegs, Elegance, Frederick, Grimalkin, Lambtonian, Meretrix, Talma, Independence, Abel, Galopade, His Highness, Scipio, Sir Thomas, &c. &c.—His winners amount to upwards of two hundred and forty.

He was imported by Wm. Jackson, Esq. in the ship Washington, Captain Thompson, and landed, on the 8th of September last, at New York; and will stand, the ensuing season, at J. C. Goode's, of Boydton, Mecklenburg county, Va.

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#### SIR WILLIAM, OF TRANSPORT.

MR. EDITOR:

Georgetown, Ky, July 20, 1832.

I enclose you the pedigree and performances of Sir William (of Transport) that would have been registered long since, but for his unfortunate death. It is still important, as some of his get have already distinguished themselves on the turf, and more will, I believe, ere long. He is sire of Little Venus, who beat Trifle at Charleston last winter; of Sir Leslie, that won at Lexington last fall; of Plato that won at Lexington this spring, and of many other colts and fillies that are very promising.

On the third Monday in May, 1829, he broke his neck, two miles from this place, by jumping at an ugly pacing horse that stood at the same stables with him. Immediately after the unfortunate accident occurred, *his full brother, Sir Archy, Jr.* was brought from South Carolina to supply his place. (I see that Col. J. B. Richardson, who bred both, in registering the get of Sir Archy, Jr. calls him Sir Archy Montorio; would it not be better for his present owners, Messrs. Key, Marshall & Hill, of Washington, Kentucky, to give him the same name?) I consider the death of Sir William a very considerable public loss; although the get of his full brother, Sir Archy Montorio, are equal in every point of view, he is not so well calculated to take the eye of breeders, and consequently will not have the same encouragement whilst breeders look more at beauty than blood. I would rather breed to him myself for a four mile racer than any stallion in Kentucky.

Yours, &c.

M. W. DICKEY.

[For his pedigree see page 319, of this number.]

**PERFORMANCES.**—In December, 1823, when three years old, he was beaten by Bertrand, for the Manchester stake, two mile heats; he proving second in the race, beating Capt. J. P. Richardson's horse Phenomenon, and Col. R. Singleton's horse Cherokee.

January, 1824, he won the second day's purse at Augusta, Georgia, three mile heats, beating Andrew Jackson, Muckle John, and Maria.

In December, 1824, he won the second day's purse at Cherokee Ponds, S. C. three mile heats, beating Mr. Redd's horse Crofford.

In January, 1825, he was beaten at Augusta, three mile heats, by Capt. J. J. Harrison's mare Creeping Kate, at three heats. This was one of the closest contested races ever witnessed.

In November, same year, at Pineville, he won the Jockey Club purse, four mile heats, beating Mr. Simmon's horse Corovant.

In December following, he won the Jockey Club purse at Strawberry, beating Mr. Charles Richardson's horse Blucher.

January, 1826, he was beaten at Augusta, three mile heats, by Mr. Davenport's horse Aratus, at three heats. In this race William got injured in running the third heat, after beating the second in fine style.

Same year, he won the Jockey Club purse at Murray's Ferry, four mile heats, beating Mr. J. Richardson's horse Phenomenon.

December, 1827, he won the Jockey Club purse at Sumpterville, beating Mr. J. Nelson's horse Pacolet.

JAS. B. RICHARDSON.

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#### MEMOIR OF NORTH CAROLINIAN.

He was foaled in the spring of 1823. Is five feet four inches high; a handsome dark bay, with black legs, mane and tail.

**PERFORMANCES.**—His first appearance was at Caswell Court House, N. C. the 12th of September, 1827, where he bore off the purse on the two mile day without contention. The next week, at Milton, Carolinian contended with Mr. West's horse Leopoldstadt, by Sir Hal, and Col. Clay's colt Shandy, by Sir Archy. Carolinian was beaten by Mr. West's horse six inches. Time, first heat, 3 m. 55½ s.; second heat, 3 m. 53 s.; pronounced by the judges to be the best race that was ever run over that track. It is due Carolinian to mention, that in this race he carried eight pounds more than his proper weight, and was shamefully ridden. Mr. West himself acknowledged that he was able to beat his horse. The next day, three mile heats, Carolinian contended with Col. Clay's horse Giles Scroggins, by Sir Archy, and Capt. J. J. Harrison's (of Virginia) horse Frantic, by Director. Carolinian won the race in two heats with ease; time, first heat, 6 m.



26 s.; second heat, 6 m. 12 s. Frantic and Giles Scroggins were both horses of considerable celebrity. Giles Scroggins ran the spring previous at Treehill, and other places; he was never beaten before. Two weeks after, at Salisbury, Carolinian contended with Capt. Harrison's (of Virginia) celebrated mare Susan Robertson, two mile heats, and won the race. Two weeks from this, after travelling 130 miles, at Greenville, S. C. he ran the three mile heats, beating Mr. Calhoun's horse and Mr. Covington's horse. The next day, best three in five, he was beaten by Capt. Harrison's mare Susan Robertson, the same mare he beat at Salisbury, the two mile heats; time, first heat, 1 m. 51 s.; second heat, 1 m. 52 s.; third heat, 1 m. 53 s. Carolinian carried eight pounds over his entitled weight, and was then in training for the four mile heats. Two weeks after, at Newbury, three mile heats, several horses were entered; Carolinian won the first heat with ease, beating Col. Myers' Lady Deer Pond, that run Ariel a very hard race, four mile heats, the same year at Augusta, Georgia; also Col. Spann's horse by Sir Archy, that ran the same year at Manchester against Col. Singleton's horse Crusader, three mile heats, that beat Ariel at Charleston the same year four mile heats; and also Capt. Harrison's (of Virginia) Susan Robertson. The second heat the tendons of his left fore leg giving way, he ran a considerable distance on three legs, and was beaten two or three feet. His lameness would not suffer him to contend for the third heat.

[For his pedigree see page 263, of last number.]

### TIMOLEON.

MR. EDITOR:

*Washington, D. C. Dec. 31, 1832.*

Our friends in Maryland, and the counties of Virginia adjacent to the Potomac and the Rappahannock, may not generally be aware that this far-famed horse is now within striking distance of them. Oakley, the residence of Henry A. Tayloe, Esq. in Essex county, Va. where he will stand the ensuing season, is about forty miles from Hooe's Ferry. Mares going from Washington, by the steamboat, landed at Mattox bridge wharf, may arrive at Oakley early the following day; or, from Baltimore, in twenty-four hours by the steamboat, be landed at the wharf at Tappahannock, ten miles from Oakley. Such an opportunity has not been, or may not be, for many years, offered to breeders bordering on the Potomac.

Timoleon is above all praise. He is considered by judges to be in the "best form," uniting all the essential points of a racer; and is represented to be a sure foal-getter, and in fine health and vigor. From his colts got the two last seasons, in Virginia, the highest

expectations are formed. Hitherto he has been far removed from us, (chiefly in Alabama,) and not always in a situation conducive to his renown. But, besides his achievements on the turf, he has "filled the measure of his glory" in having gotten, from the only mare put to him in 1819, the best colt of his year—Washington, who, in four heats of two miles, beat the famous Henry, and subsequently ran a second two mile heat in 3 m. 45 s.; and the famous Sally Walker, the victor over Ariel in repeated races, three and four mile heats; especially, the best three mile heat race on record, in 5 m. 44 s. and 5 m. 42 s. In 1827, in six successive races, she outstripped all competitors: Ariel, Janet, Lance, Betsey Ransom, &c. That in the preceding year she should have been beaten, in "the severest and best four mile race ever ran in Virginia, by the invincible Monsieur Tonsen, may have been ascribable to their relative condition. He could never be brought again "to the scratch."—\$2500 have been lately offered for Sally Walker; \$2000 for the half of her two year old colt; and \$1000 for a foal expected, if living.

It may not be amiss to repeat that Timoleon has been hitherto regarded as "the best son of Sir Archy," and Sally Walker as superior to all his grandsons and granddaughters. Timoleon ranks very highly among the best runners of this country. He not only, in his brilliant career, vanquished all competitors in Virginia and the Carolinas,—Reality, Lady Lightfoot, Harwood and others,—but ran in the *best time* of modern days. The spring he was three years old, he ran the mile at Petersburg in 1 m. 47 s.; and, that fall, the two miles in 3 m. 49 s.—3 m. 47 s.—and 3 m. 48 s. It appears, by computation, that in the fabulous (as it has been thought) exploit of "Flying Childers, in his fastest race, he was moving at the rate of a mile in 1 m. 42 s."—but four seconds faster than Timoleon's unquestionable time in an undoubted mile.—\$5000 were refused for him the spring he was four years old. Since then the prices of horses have been more than doubled. The veteran Wynn believed Timoleon to be "superior to *any horse* that ever ran on *any course* in the United States." In the words of Wm. R. Johnson, Esq. who had seen him run all his races in Virginia:—"his performances, from one to four mile heats, have been such as would do credit to the best runner in either this country or Europe; and his style of going is the most superior action. His *size* and *blood* entitle him to rank first rate as a stallion." Of his pedigree, we will merely remark that, besides being "the best son of Sir Archy," his dam was by imported Saltram; not only one of the best racing sons of the unrivalled Eclipse,—almost the only victor over Dungannon and Phenomenon,—but, in England, the sire of Whiskey, the best horse of his day—the sire of the renowned Eleanor,

and, in this country, the sire also of Sir Hal's dam, to whom he may chiefly owe his racing celebrity. (Saltram, by Eclipse; dam Virago, by Snap; Regulus.) Timoleon's grandam was by "Wildair, the best son of Fearnought, out of a Jolly Roger." Imported Fearnought, by Regulus, the best son of the Godolphin Arabian; Jolly Roger, a grandson of Flying Childers. Thus Timoleon unites, and without stain, the best blood of Childers, the Godolphin Arabian, Snap, Eclipse, Herod, Highflyer, Diomed, &c. Star's dam was half sister to Timoleon. In pedigree, Timoleon concedes to none of the most popular stallions, unless it be Luzborough, (also a descendant from Saltram,) who stands in the same relation to the famous Dick Andrews,—perhaps his best cross,—that Timoleon and Sir Hal stand to Saltram. Of Dick Andrews, it will be recollected (see Turf Reg. vol. iii. p. 267) that William Lightfoot, Esq. wrote to Colonel Tayloe, from England, September, 1803, that "*Dick Andrews is now the best horse in England, and has beaten the best horses, giving them 7 lbs.*"

For further particulars, reference may be had to the memoir and pedigree of Timoleon, as published in the Turf Register—to the English Stud Book, and to our publication of stallions for 1833.—(See T. R. vol. ii. p. 267, and vol. iii. p. 381.)

His age will not be urged against Timoleon. Though but one year older than American Eclipse, he had won thirteen races in two years, and was withdrawn from the turf before Eclipse was known to fame, having won but a single race of little note; and is *now* several years younger than Diomed, at the period of his importation; who, besides leaving a large progeny in this country, got Duroc in his twenty-eighth year—Sir Archy's age the next season.

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### PACIFIC.

MR EDITOR:

Nashville, Tenn. Dec. 13, 1832.

I notice in your Register, frequent inquiries after the blood of Pacific, and as it frequently falls to my lot to seek information through others, I the more cheerfully furnish the following.

Pacific is a blood red bay, with black legs, tail and mane, with a little white across the heels of his hind feet, remarkably braced with muscles and tendons, upon strong, well-shaped bones.

PERFORMANCES.—I do certify that I purchased the above named horse Pacific, of Col. John R. Spann, in the fall of 1826, and a few days previous to my purchase, he ran in the Jockey Club four mile heats, at Pineville, S. C. beating and distancing the field at two heats. From there I took him to Fort Claiborne, and won the Jockey Club purse, two mile heats, beating Mr. Tate's mare and others, giving

them a distance in the last heat. In ten days after, he won the two mile heats, at Selma, Alabama, without opposition. The same day he ran a match race, two mile heats, against Mr. John Connelly's gray horse, (by Pacolet,) with ninety pounds on each, for \$500, which he won at three heats, losing the first, and winning the other two with ease. In March, 1827, I ran him in New Orleans for the Jockey Club purse, against the celebrated horse Mercury, and Gen. Hampton's Fairfield, in which race Mercury beat him a small distance, but he beat Fairfield, that was thought to be among the best horses in America, from having beaten Bertrand and Nancy Warren, in a handicap at Charleston, two mile heats at four heats. The time of running the four mile race in New Orleans, stands thus: first heat, 7 m. 43 s.; second heat, 7 m. 44 s.; the best four mile race but one on record. Two days after, he ran for the third day's purse, three mile heats, losing the first by eighteen inches by bad riding; the third heat he distanced the other two horses, Gen. Hampton's horse Augustus and Mr. Shepherd's horse Sir John Falstaff, giving them a distance the third heat.

(Signed)

WILLIAM C DAVIS.

After this he let down in the sound fore leg, (having been crippled in the other when a colt,) and was sold to the gentleman (Mr. Beasley) who ran Mercury against him at New Orleans. Mr. B. afterwards attempted to train him to run at Nashville; he was restive, and he placed a man on him who was unable to control him, and he ran away, and again injured the leg in which he was let down, and was purchased by D. W. Sumner, one of his present owners, as a stallion. He made his first season in 1828, at a low price, and got but few good mares. In 1829, 30, 31, he stood at increased rates. Several of his colts have distinguished themselves on the turf, and commanded high prices, as will be seen by reference to the Racing Calendar. In the spring of 1832, he covered 130 mares, and turned some off. His price for the next season is fixed at \$40; he stands at the stable of Duke W. Sumner, seven miles and a half north of Nashville, and three west of Haysborough; where it is expected he will remain for life, having on that ground, in the very face of the strongest opposition, outlived all his difficulties.

TYRO.

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A match over a two-mile piece of turf, in Ashford Park, near Romford, in August, 1822, on which at least five hundred sovereigns were pending, caused much sport. A Mr. Goodchild undertook to ride first a galloway on the trot, thirteen miles, in one hour, and next a horse in another hour; and to complete the twenty-six miles, within two hours from the time of starting. The galloway performed the distance well in three minutes within the given time, and Mr. Goodchild mounted the horse, and won the match, with forty-nine seconds to spare.



## MEMOIR OF LUZBOROUGH.

MR. EDITOR:

I send you a short memoir of the celebrated racer and stallion Luzborough, just imported from England, in the ship *Equator*, and landed at City Point, in Virginia, on the 29th of August, 1832.

Luzborough is five feet two inches high, full measure; handsome, of great substance, length, and immense power. Indeed, he is the most strongly formed horse I have ever seen. He suffered less from his confinement, during a voyage of fifty-six days, than could have been expected; and is in very fine health and condition. His head and eye are very fine; neck of good length, rising from the shoulder and joining the head exceedingly well; shoulder very oblique, capacious and strong; arm clean, and muscular; back, from the point of the shoulder to the loin, short and very powerful, though, from the great approximation of the hip and shoulder, he has a great reach; loin wide enough, and very strong; thigh long, muscular, clean and strong; hock large, and pre-eminently well formed; and his flinty legs as sound and clean as when he ran his maiden race. He stands well on his pasterns, and his feet are of the best description, good size, and the hoof of dark tough horn. His body is round, and well-barreled out; and his quarters full, well-proportioned, and plump. The arch, from the knee to the hock, embracing, in its sweep, the arm, shoulder, back, loin and thigh, is unrivalled. His bone is remarkably fine—the backbone defying competition, which contributed greatly to enable him to carry his heavy weights, up to 161 lbs. and his muscle, of which he has a plenty, is very clean, well-defined, and tendinous. He is an animated figure of whale-bone and catgut. His color is an uncommonly deep rich bay, with no white, except some saddle spots, and very black mane, tail and legs; the black of the legs ascending almost to the body. Bay, indeed, is the color of his family; for his dam, his grandam Eleanor, his g. grandam Young Giantess, and his g. g. grandam Giantess, were all bays. His sire Williamson's Ditto, and both his grandsires, Dick Andrews and Sir Peter Teazle, were bays, and his half brother Picton, and the colt foaled in the spring of 1831, (which are all that are described in the Stud Book, as the produce of his dam,) are bay or brown.

Luzborough is a very handsome horse; no one can view him without admiration. His erect, noble carriage—his mild countenance, lighted up by the steady and brilliant lustre of his full clear eye, and decorated by his raven ringlets, falling down his forehead and neck—set off his fine form to great advantage.

Luzborough is described, in the English Racing Calendar, as being, "perhaps the gamest horse in the kingdom." He won twenty-four races; beating the famous Longwaist, (afterwards sold for three thousand guineas,) Euphrates, Signorina, (who beat Memnon,) Picton, Jocko, Presentiment, Black-and-all-black, Cardinal Puff, and many other capital racers. He lost only one race of heats, when he ran second to Presentiment, whom he had beaten before, and beat afterwards.

1823.\* Luzborough started only twice, but did not win.

1824. He started nine times, and won eight races.

1. Wednesday, June 23. At Stockbridge, £50—the gift of Earl Grosvenor, for maiden horses; two mile heats.

Lord Palmerston's b. c. Luzborough, four years old, 112 lbs. - 1 1

Lord Ailesbury's ch. c. Ferdinand, three years old, 94 lbs. 4 2

Mr. R. Warner's b. c. Rumpelstilts-kin, three years old, 94 lbs. 3 3

Mr. Portman's b. g. Vertigo, five years old, 120 lbs. - - 5 4

Mr. Comb's br. c. Blucher, four years old, 112 lbs. - 2 dr.

Tuesday, July 6. At Winchester,† Luzborough was beaten in a sweepstakes, the new mile; twelve subscribers;—the only time of his losing this year.

2. On the next day he won the Hampshire stakes of twenty-five guineas each, with twenty-five guineas added by the steward; fourteen subscribers; two miles.

Lord Palmerston's Luzborough, four years old, 113 lbs. - - 1

Mr. F. Craven's Longwaist,‡ three years old, 93 lbs. - 2

Mr. Farquharson's bl. g. Black-and-all-black, six years old, 124 lbs. 3

Mr. Portal's b. h. Sting, six years old, 118 lbs. - - 4

Mr. Dundas' Grey Robin, four years old, 107 lbs. - - 5

Duke of Richmond's Dandizette, four years old, 112 lbs. - 6

3. August 5. At Salisbury, he walked over for the gold cup, (value one hundred sovereigns,) by subscription of ten sovereigns each; the surplus in specie; fifteen subscribers;—about two miles and a half.

4. August 12. At Southampton, he won the Southampton stakes of twenty-five sovereigns each; five subscribers; two mile heats.

5. And on the same day he won a sweepstakes of five sovereigns each, with thirty sovereigns added, for three and four year olds; nine subscribers; carrying 119 lbs.—two mile heats.

6. Thursday, September 2. At Basingstroke, he won the Wellington stakes of ten sovereigns each, with £50 added from the race fund, for all ages; seven subscribers; heats once round and a distance.

\* 1823. At Newmarket, October meeting, Luzborough was beat his maiden race, (two middle miles,) by Adolphus, five years old, by Thunderbolt. He ran but a few good races, and was sold to India. And, same month, at the Houghton meeting, in a handicap, (two year old course,) by Eden, three years old, by Comus, who also proved afterwards inferior to Luzborough, being beat easily by Picton.

† At Winchester he ran third to Bertram and Dandizette; beating several, all four year olds. Even betting on Bertram—a very successful horse at short distances. He beat Longwaist, and the best horses. Dandizette, also a capital horse, was beat afterwards by Luzborough.

‡ In this race Luzborough established his reputation as a first rate horse. Longwaist, by Whalebone, a capital horse at all distances—inferior to no horse of his day—won thirteen races (eight of them gold cups) in 1825-6. Black-and-all-black, by Octavius, also a crack horse, in five years won twenty-two races; beating many of the best horses of the day. His own brother Cricketer, beat also by Luzborough, was likewise in high repute.

Lord Palmerston's b. c. Luzborough, four years old, 122 lbs. - 1 1  
 Duke of Richmond's b. c. Hurly Burly, three years old, 101 lbs. 3 2  
 Mr. Fleming's b. f. Miss Jigg, three years old, 98 lbs. - 2 dr.  
 Betting, six to four on Luzborough.

7. September 15. At Blandford, he won the gold cup, (value one hundred guineas;) the rest in money;—a subscription of ten sovereigns each. The winner of a king's plate, or more than one hundred guineas at one time, in 1824, to carry 5 lbs. extra; fifteen subscribers; three miles.

Lord Palmerston's b. c. Luzborough, four years old, 5 lbs. extra, 1  
 Mr. Radcliffe's b. h. Masquerader, five years old, - - 2  
 Mr. Farquharson's b. h. Champion, five years old, - - 3  
 Mr. Farquharson's bl. g. Black-and-all-black, six years old, - 4  
 Mr. Fleming's bl. c. Augustin, four years old, - - 5

8. And on the next day he won £50; for three year olds, 7 st. 4 lbs.—and four year olds, 8 st. 10 lbs. The winner of one plate or sweepstakes this year to carry 3 lbs.—of two, 6 lbs. extra—fillies and geldings allowed 3 lbs.—two mile heats.

Lord Palmerston's Luzborough, four years old, 128 lbs. - 1 1  
 Mr. Cockburn's gr. f. Agnes, three years old, 99 lbs. - 2 2

1825. Wednesday, June 22. At Winchester, the Hampshire stakes of twenty-five guineas each; ten subscribers; two miles.

Mr. Whiteside's br. h. Picton,\* six years old, by Smolensko, out of Luzborough's dam, 126 lbs. - - - - 1

Lord Palmerston's b. h. Luzborough, five years old, 130 lbs. - 2  
 Mr. Farquharson's g. Black-and-all-black,† aged, 122 lbs. - 3  
 Mr. Gauntlett's ch. f. Prima Donna, four years old, 110 lbs. - 4

Six to four on Picton.

N. B. Luzborough gave Picton his year and 4 lbs. in this race; but he beat him the next year with equal weights.

July 20. At Cheltenham, Luzborough, carrying 9 st. 1 lb. was beaten for the Gloucestershire stakes of twenty-five sovereigns each—two miles, fifty-eight subscribers—by Claude Lorraine,‡ of the same age, carrying 8 st. 12 lbs.

Ten to one against Claude Lorraine.

9. Thursday, September 8. At Basingstroke, he won a gold cup, (value one hundred sovereigns,) by subscription of ten sovereigns each, with thirty added from the fund; seven subscribers; heats once around and a distance.

\* Picton, half brother to Luzborough, another crack horse, won seventeen races, from many distinguished competitors. Though beat twice by Luzborough, Picton won eight races in 1825.

† Picton, a capital horse; also, Black-and-all-black, a capital horse, won eight races during this year.

‡ Claude Lorraine was wholly indebted to the difference of weight. Of the same age with Triumph, by Fyldener, (a crack horse, whom Luzborough beat, giving him 3 lbs.) he was twice beat by him, once receiving 2 lbs.

Lord Palmerston's b. h. Luzborough, 125 lbs.	-	-	1	1
Mr. F. Craven's b. c. Hottentot,* four years old, 126 lbs.			2	2
Mr. Fleming's ch. c. Front de Bœruf, three years old, 105 lbs.			3	dr.

10. Next day he won the Wellington stakes of twenty-five sovereigns each, with twenty-five added; seven subscribers; twice round.

Lord Palmerston's Luzborough, five years old, 133 lbs.	-	-	1	
Mr. F. Craven's b. c. Hottentot, four years old, 119 lbs.			2	
Mr. Fleming's Front de Bœruf, three years old, 91 lbs.			3	

11. Same day he won a handicap sweepstakes of six sovereigns each, made up £50 from the race fund; six subscribers; heats once around and a distance.

Lord Palmerston's Luzborough, five years old, 126 lbs.	-	1	1
Mr. Biggs' Elizabeth, three years old, 90 lbs.	-	2	2

12. 1826. Wednesday, July 5. At Bath and Bristol,† he won the Somersetshire stakes of twenty-five sovereigns each, with one hundred sovereigns added from the race fund; twenty-eight subscribers; two miles and a distance.

Lord Palmerston's b. h. Luzborough, six years old, 128 lbs. - 1  
 Mr. Russel's b. c. Hougoumont, four years old, 114 lbs. - 2  
 Picton, aged, carrying 128 lbs.—Cardinal Puff, six years old, 121 lbs.—Trinculo, four years old, 118 lbs.—Presentiment, five years old, 116 lbs.—and Miss West, four years old, 107 lbs. were also beaten, but not placed by the judge.—Won easily.

At Cheltenham, he was beaten for the Gloucestershire stakes of twenty-five sovereigns each, (sixty-nine subscribers,) by Cain, four years old, 7 st. 9 lbs.—two miles.

Luzborough the favorite, carrying the heaviest weight, (8 st. 13 lbs.) and beating a fine field—Sir Grey, Double Entendre, Flexible, Barytes, Cricketer, Phantasma, The Moor, and another by Muley.—A most capital race.

Nine to four against Luzborough; five to one against Cricketer; eight to one against Cain.

Wednesday, July 26. At Salisbury, the Wiltshire stakes of twenty-five sovereigns each; twenty-one subscribers; two miles.

Mr. Piercy's ch. m. Prosody,‡ aged, 121 lbs.	-	-	1
Lord Palmerston's Luzborough, six years old, 130 lbs.			2

\* Hottentot, four years old, 126 lbs. This must be a mistake. In the race won by Claude Lorraine, Luzborough gave him weight and beat him, as afterwards.

† At Bath and Bristol. This was a most capital field that Luzborough beat easily. Trinculo and Hougoumont, in April, at Newmarket, had run first and second for the Craven stakes; beating the famous Chateau Margaux, Jocko, Crockery, and some eight or ten others. Trinculo, by Comus, won eight races in 1825-6. Jocko, by Filho da Puta, was also a crack horse. He ran a dead heat with Crockery, for the gold cup at Epsom; beating Fille de Joie, brother to Antonio, and others.

‡ Prosody, by Don Cossack, (whom Luzborough beat with even weight, on the 28th, and subsequently with 140 lbs. to 127 lbs.) was a most stout



Hougoumont, Salisbury and Whim, also started; but they were not placed.—*Mem.* Luzborough beat Prosody the second day after with equal weights.

13. Friday, July 28. He won the gold cup, by subscription of ten sovereigns each; eleven subscribers; cup course.

Lord Palmerston's b. h. Luzborough, six years old, 131 lbs.	-	1
Mr. Portman's br. c. Forester, four years old, 115 lbs.	-	2
Mr. Windham's b. c. Colleger, three years old, 90 lbs.	-	3
Mr. Piercy's Prosody, aged, 131 lbs.	-	4

14. August 8. At Winchester, he won the Hampshire stakes of twenty-five sovereigns each; seven subscribers; two miles.

Lord Palmerston's b. h. Luzborough, six years old, 128 lbs.	-	1
Mr. F. Craven's b. h. Triumph,* six years old, 125 lbs.	-	2
Six to four on Luzborough, the favorite.		

15. And on the next day he won the cup, (value one hundred sovereigns.) by subscription of ten sovereigns each; ten subscribers; last mile and a half.

Lord Palmerston's b. h. Luzborough, six years old, 126 lbs.	-	1
Mr. Scaith's ch. c. Whipcord, four years old, 115 lbs.	-	2
Mr. F. Craven's b. c. Cricketer, four years old, 115 lbs.	-	3
Two to one on Luzborough.		

16. Tuesday, August 15. At Oxford,† Luzborough won the Oxfordshire stakes of twenty-five sovereigns each; thirty-three subscribers; two miles; beating a fine field of horses.

Lord Palmerston's b. h. Luzborough, six years old, 127 lbs.	-	1
Mr. Tomes' b. h. Sir Grey, five years old, 120 lbs.	-	2
Mr. Gauntlett's br. c. Comedian, four years old, 108 lbs.	-	3

and successful runner. She beat the best horses, winning cups, plates, &c.—thirty-two races during six years. After running a severe race on the same day, she ran two dead heats, in two mile heats, (the first and third,) and divided the stake with Pyramus.

\* Triumph, by Fyldener, a very successful horse, won gold cups, stakes, &c. at Epsom, Abingdon, Warwick, Oxford, &c.—beating, at all distances, the best horses—Euphrates, Sir Grey, Claude Lorraine, Doctor Eady, Hagi Baba, Victorine, &c.

† The Oxford stakes, where Luzborough beat such a capital field, may be ranked among his most brilliant achievements. Sir Grey, by Rubens, had won, the preceding year, five races—the gold cups at Derby and Leicester, &c. beating the best horses, without receiving weight—Barefoot, Canteen, General Mina, Euphrates, &c. besides running capital races when beaten. The day after a severe race with Hagi Baba, (giving him 1 lb. same age, three miles,) he was beat by Euphrates, (the winner,) Barefoot and General Mina. Comedian, by Comus, won ten races in 1826, four mile heats, &c. The day after being beat by Luzborough, he won the cup, four miles; beating Cydnus, Sir Grey and Burgundy. He also beat Enamel, Cardinal Puff, and other crack horses. Cydnus, by Quiz, among other capital races, at Ascot, May, 1825, beat Serab four miles; both four year olds, carrying 10 st. 7 lbs. each.

Cydnus, Cardinal Puff and Young Zuleika, also started; but they were not placed.

Five to two on Luzborough; three to one against Sir Grey; four to one against any other.

17. Tuesday, August 22. At Burderop, he won the gold cup, (value one hundred sovereigns;) the remainder in specie; a subscription of ten sovereigns each, for all ages; twelve subscribers; three miles.

Lord Palmerston's b. h. Luzborough, six years old, 133 lbs. - 1

Mr. F. Craven's br. h. Triumph, six years old, 123 lbs. - 2

Mr. Goddard's b. c. Composer, three years old, 90 lbs. - 3

In this, and indeed in most of his races, Luzborough was handicapped very high, which shows his ability to carry weight, and his high character as a racer. Triumph, of the same age, was a successful runner; yet there is a striking difference of weight.

1827. At Bath and Bristol, Luzborough was beaten for the Somersetshire stakes of twenty-five sovereigns each, by Jocko; two miles and a distance. The next year Luzborough beat Jocko.

18. Tuesday, August 23. At Burderop, he won a gold cup, (value one hundred guineas;) the surplus in specie; by subscription of ten sovereigns each; thirteen subscribers; three miles.

Lord Palmerston's b. h. Luzborough, aged, 135 lbs. - 1

Mr. Cowley's b. c. Lawrence, four years old, 112 lbs. - 2

Lord Ailesbury's ch. c. (brother to Barefoot,) four years old, 112 lbs. 3

Mr. Goddard's ch. c. by Anticipation, three years old, 95 lbs. - 4

19. Wednesday, September 5. At Weymouth, Luzborough, carrying 161 lbs. won his majesty's plate of one hundred guineas; two mile heats.

20. Wednesday, September 12. At Exeter, he won a tureen, (value one hundred guineas;) heats about two miles and a quarter.

Mr. Dilly's b. h. Luzborough, aged, 135 lbs. - 1 1

Mr. Portman's ch. f. Sprite, three years old, 83 lbs. - 2 2

21. And next day he won a handicap plate, given by the city; heats about two miles and a quarter; beating, in fine style, a splendid field.

Mr. Dilly's Luzborough, aged, 140 lbs. - 1 1

Mr. Portman's Prosody, aged, 127 lbs. - 5 2

Mr. Radcliffe's Lawrence, four years old, 118 lbs. - 6 3

Mr. W. Ley's b. c. Crumpet, four years old, 106 lbs. - 3 4

Mr. C. Trelawney's b. c. Fadladeen, three years old, 98 lbs. - 2 dr.

Mr. Jones' Conquest, five years old, 129 lbs. - 4 dr.

September 26. At Dorchester, he was beaten for the tradesmen's plate of seventy-five sovereigns, added to a sweepstakes of ten sovereigns each, (heats once around,) by Presentiment, whom he had beaten before and beat afterwards; beating Conquest, who was drawn after the first heat. This was the only race of heats he ever lost. Presentiment—a winner twelve times in 1825-6—was repeatedly beaten by Prosody, and others, whom Luzborough had beaten.

1828. June 17. At Cheltenham, for the Gloucestershire stakes of twenty-five sovereigns each, (fifty-six subscribers,) he was beaten by Trumpator; two miles. Luzborough the favorite.

22. The second day after he won the gold cup or piece of plate, (value £100,) by subscription of ten sovereigns each; thirteen subscribers; three miles.

Mr. Dilly's Luzborough, aged, 130 lbs.	-	-	-	1
Mr. Mitton's ch. g. Euphrates,* aged, 127 lbs.	-	-	-	2
Mr. C. Day's b. f. Manes, three years old, 85 lbs.	-	-	-	3

Luzborough the favorite.

23. Wednesday, July 9. At Wells, he won the Mendip stakes of twenty sovereigns each, with fifty sovereigns added from the fund; twenty-two subscribers; two miles and a distance.

Mr. Dilly's b. h. Luzborough, aged, 128 lbs.	-	-	-	1
Mr. Farquharson's b. h. Presentiment, aged, 125 lbs.	-	-	-	2
Mr. Sadler's br. g. Jocko, five years old, 119 lbs.	-	-	-	3

Luzborough the favorite.

24. Friday, August 8. At Salisbury, he (carrying 134 lbs.) won the gold cup, value one hundred sovereigns; the surplus in specie; a subscription of ten sovereigns each; twelve subscribers; the cup course—about two miles and a half.

This year he was beaten for the Somersetshire stakes at Bath and Bristol, and the Leamington stakes and gold cup at Warwick.

The above embrace all Luzborough's races. I have generally reduced the English mode of reckoning weight to ours, as it is more readily understood. Those who wish all the details, are referred to the English Racing Calendars, from 1823 to 1828 inclusive.

Luzborough was foaled in 1820, and got by that capital racer and stallion Williamson's Ditto—the winner of the Derby in 1803, and own brother to Walton, who covered at £52 10s. His dam was got by that most valuable and popular stallion Dick Andrews—a much superior racer and stallion to his brother Jack Andrews—who was imported into Virginia, and from whom some of our best stock derive much of their value. She produced only one other colt, Picton, (a winner seventeen times,) before she was purchased by the French government, and carried to France in 1820. She has since been repurchased, and brought back to England as a brood mare. Luzborough's grandam Eleanor† (the best racer of her day—the only winner of both the Derby and the Oaks—the dam of Muley, &c. and own sister to Julia, the dam of Phantom, who covered at £52 10s. and Cressida, the dam of Priam, decidedly the best horse now on the English turf) was got by Whiskey, out of Young Giantess, by Diomed, the dam of Sorcerer,‡ &c. and the best brood mare of her day. Sorcerer covered at £30, and was the sire of Smolensko, Soothsayer, &c. &c. Young Giantess was out of Giantess; Giantess by Matchem, the best racer and stallion of his day;

\* Euphrates, g. by Quiz, was a first rate distance horse—a winner eleven times in 1825–6—beating Sir Grey, Barefoot, and the best horses, without receiving weight; and especially gained great eclat by beating the celebrated Longwaist and Cain, three miles. He won five gold cups in 1825, and two in 1826.

† See Am. T. R. vol. iv. p. 261.

‡ See Am. T. R. vol. i. p. 382.

Molly Longlegs, by Babraham; Cole's Foxhunter, out of a sister to Cato, by Partner; sister to Roxana, (who was the dam of Cade, Roundhead and Lath,) by the Bald Galloway; sister to Chanter, by the Akaster Turk; Leedes' Arabian, Spanker. The dam of Sultan (now covering in England at fifty sovereigns) was half sister to Luzborough, being got by Williamson's Ditto. The grandam of Emilius (the only other horse now covering at £50) was got by Whiskey. Phantom, (who covered at £52 10s.) besides his descent through his dam from Young Giantess and Whiskey, was got by Walton. Luzborough is also closely allied to Orville, through his best crosses—Highflyer, Eclipse, Herod and Matchem. All of these, including Walton, (and only these,) have covered in England as high as £50, in the course of the last fifteen years. Walton and Williamson's Ditto were two of the best sons of Sir Peter Teazle—the best racer and stallion of his day, and best son of Highflyer, (never beaten nor paid forfeit,) the best racer and stallion of *his* day, and the best son of Herod, the best stallion of *his* day—out of Arethusa, by Dungannon, one of the best sons of Eclipse, the best racer and one of the best stallions that was ever in England. Dick Andrews (the sire of Tramp—Altesidora, winner of the great St. Leger—Manuella, winner of the Oaks—the dam of Memnon, &c. &c.) was got by Joe Andrews, son of Eclipse; dam by the famous and invincible Highflyer, &c. Whiskey was got by Saltram, one of the most distinguished sons of Eclipse; his dam by Herod. Matchem, the best stallion of his day, and thought by some most excellent judges to be the best that ever covered in England; Regulus, the best son of the Godolphin Arabian, &c.—Saltram, by Eclipse; Snap, Regulus, &c.

Those who have the curiosity to look farther into this matter, may consult the English Stud Book, where they will find that Luzborough's pedigree is as rich and pure as any in the world; that his ancestors were first rate horses; and that he is closely allied to almost all the horses that have been distinguished in England, either as racers or stallions.

Luzborough covered in England, three years, at ten guineas—about the highest price of young stallions; and his colts are considered very fine. Many of the sportsmen of England expressed great regret at his leaving that country, on account of the high promise of his colts.

The following are extracts from the letters of Mr. Tattersal—one of the best judges in England of the horse—to J. Avery, Esq. of Hicksford, Va.

"I am going to see Luzborough." "He is, in my opinion, one of the best bred horses we have, and his stock (his colts) is also very fine."

"I have now bought you Luzborough, and *such a horse* you will like even, perhaps, better than almost any horse *you ever saw*. He is a horse of *great power, length and substance*." "Luzborough's stock is very fine; and his blood, in the *opinion of every one*, the best in England."

This is an extract from Dilly's letters; (Dilly was his late owner:) "I am happy for you to take Luzborough under existing circumstances;" (which are explained, in another place, to mean great pecuniary embarrassments;) "otherwise I would not take what I have *twice* refused (one thousand guineas) for him." "You have not told me to whom you are about to send him. He ought not to leave this country."



"I really think it a great pity Luzborough should leave this country. His blood is, in my opinion, *the best we have.*"

"I have done what I *considered* the best for your interest; and I can assure you that many sporting gentlemen have regretted Luzborough's going abroad, as his stock are very fine. I like his size, and his blood is certainly *the best we can boast.*"

"I would as soon breed from Luzborough as any horse in England."

I have italicized the above extracts after Mr. Tattersal, (who has underscored just as I have done,) as I wished to give his meaning correctly.

Luzborough's fine size, high form, and beautiful color; his illustrious descent; his long and splendid career on the turf; his ability to carry weight; his stoutness or bottom, and durability; and *the great promise of his colts*, induce a confident belief that he will prove a most valuable acquisition to this country. He will hold his court next spring at Hicksford, Greenville county, Virginia, where he will be ready to receive any *fair* visitors, who may welcome the illustrious stranger to the western world, and whom the soft influences of that genial season may invite to the pleasures of love.

[We have carefully reviewed the English Stud Book and several volumes of the Turf Herald, by which is confirmed the excellence of Luzborough's blood and the brilliancy of his exploits. He has been a winner twenty-four times—frequently of gold cups and large stakes—out of thirty-six races, and ran successfully when *aged*. After beginning his successful career, he was rarely, if ever beat, except when he gave weight—the great test in England. Though he never ran four mile heats,—the test in this country,—he frequently out-bottomed the best horses at that distance: Euphrates, Prosody, Comedian, &c.—acquiring the reputation of "perhaps the gamest horse in the kingdom." Besides the horses we have reviewed, whom he beat, Presentiment, Flexible and others, were "crack horses." With the exception of Doctor Syntax, a winner thirty-five times, Prosody thirty-two, Euphrates thirty-one, King of Diamonds thirty-one, Catton and Cannonball, (both of the latter won twenty-four races,) no horse in England, for the last twenty years, is recollected to have won as often as Luzborough, and against such competitors. Imported Merryfield won eighteen races; Bourbon, Truffle and Sorcery, seventeen; X Y Z, Spectre and Lottery, fourteen; (Longwaist thirteen, and Chateau Margaux eleven, in 1825-6;) Whisker and Grimalkin thirteen, Woful twelve, Phantom eleven, Comus ten, Tramp and imported Barefoot nine, Filho da Puta and Smolensko seven, and the famous Soothsayer but four races.]

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**TO DETECT ANY INJURY OF THE EYE.**—The best mode of forming an opinion of the eye or sight of a horse, is to stop him just as he is coming out of the stable. He should be so placed that his head appears on the outside the door-place, just sufficient to enable the light to fall softly on the eye, a situation of all others the best calculated to detect any defect or injury of the eyes.

**GREAT LEAP BY A BUSSORAH COLT.**

MR. EDITOR:

*Williamstown, N. Y. Dec. 8, 1832.*

I read, in your October number of the American Turf Register, an account of a wonderful leap of a horse, owned by a Mr. Beardsworth, of the Repository of Birmingham. Supposing that an account of a leap, equally extraordinary, would not be amiss, especially when performed by an American colt, I have sent it to you for insertion in your valuable Magazine.

A young horse of five years of age, got by the celebrated Bussorah, in May of last spring, having broken loose from his keeper, cleared at a single bound, in passing over a fence, (four feet and seven inches in height,) eight yards and one inch, or twenty-four feet and one inch.—I measured the distance at the time. This colt is part Arabian blood, and, as is usual with that stock, quite small; but exhibits great compactness and energy of frame, and will in time become one of the best horses we have here at the north. He is now valued at \$500, and is owned by Samuel Beman, Esq. of Hampton, N. Y.

Yours, truly,

W. L. G.

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**VETERINARY.**

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**SETTING FORWARD OR COCKING OF THE FETLOCK JOINT.**

MR. EDITOR:

*Canandaigua, N. Y. Dec. 7, 1832.*

I have been a subscriber to your very valuable Turf Register from its commencement, and am also in possession of several works on farriery—such as Hinds', Mason's, and the Farmer's by Barnum; but among them all I can find nothing in relation to the setting forward or cocking of the hind fetlock joint of the horse. I have a very valuable horse that is thus injured in one of his joints, occasioned no doubt by hard driving and straining the back tendons. If any one among your numerous readers can point out a remedy, they will much oblige

ONTARIO.

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**TO PREVENT HORSES BEING TEASED BY FLIES.**

Take two or three small handfuls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of soft cold water; let it infuse one night, and pour the whole the next morning into a kettle, and let it boil for a quarter of an hour; when cold, it will be fit for use. Nothing more is required than to moisten a sponge, and before the horse goes out of the stable, let those parts which are most irritable be smeared over with the liquor, viz: between and upon the ears, the neck, the flank, &c. Not only the lady or gentleman who rides out for pleasure, will derive benefit from the walnut leaves thus prepared, but the coachman, the wagoner, and all others who use horses during the hot months.



### SKATING.

This is both a manly and innocent amusement: it recommends itself in such a variety of pleasing shapes as to be diligently pursued by the young, and much talked of by the old: its reminiscences are of a character every way agreeable to the mind, and gratifying to the heart, and it may well be ranked among the noblest of pastimes.

The art of skating is of comparatively modern introduction. It can only be traced to Holland, and seems to have been entirely unknown to the ancients. Some traces of the exercise in England are to be found in the thirteenth century, at which period, according to Fitz-Steven, it was customary, in the winter when the ice would bear them, for the citizens of London to fasten the leg bones of animals under the soles of their feet, and then by poles push themselves along upon the ice. The wooden skates, shod with iron or steel, were brought into England from the low countries. With the Hollanders, skating is more a matter of business than pleasure; for it is said that the produce of their farms is carried upon the heads of their men and women, to the towns and cities upon the borders of the canals, there to be sold, and articles of convenience and luxury purchased, and taken back in like manner to the country. Less attention is therefore paid by them to graceful and elegant movements, than to the acquirement of that speed which is necessary to what is termed journey skating, as long and rapid excursions are frequently made upon the ice, when the streams, natural and artificial, by which their country is intersected, are frozen over.

Great improvement in the style of skating has taken place within a few years past, and various figures practised, to which the earliest skaters were strangers. The forward and backward movements, com-

monly, but, as it is thought, improperly, called High Dutch, show more ease and grace than any others within the range of the skates. They require very little exertion, and, if rightly performed, carry the skater over the ice with amazing rapidity. In the former, the lower limbs should not be permitted to stride much; the swinging foot should always be brought down nearly parallel with the other, when about to receive the weight of the body, and at the same time the body should incline to that side a little to the front, making an angle of about seventy degrees. In this position, the foot having hold of the ice will aid the inclination of the body in making a bold and lengthy curve, as also, a handsome sweeping motion. In the latter, or backward High Dutch, the swinging limb must always act as a balance to the body, and by it a perfect command of the necessary motions acquired; the limb should move in a line with the body kept nearly straight, and the toes pointed downward. In all forward, circular, and sweeping movements, the body should be kept as erect as possible, and stooping of the neck, head and shoulders, avoided. The skater should never look at his feet, and seldom throw out his arms.

In graceful skating, very little muscular exertion is required. The impelling motion should proceed from the mechanical impulse of the body, thrown into such a position as to regulate the stroke. Chasing, running and jumping, tend to give an imperfect idea of the art, and produce habits that are excessively difficult to break. Both feet should be used alike—when a movement is performed by the one, it should be tried by the other. Too much skating on the inside of the skate prevents the acquirement of the more beautiful part of the art, resulting from the frequent and alternate use of the outer edge of each iron. Skating on the outer edge, being the most graceful action, is the most difficult to perform, and requires much practice and great skill. The beautiful attitudes in which the body may be placed where the skater has a perfect command of his balance, will amply repay him for any care he may have bestowed on the acquirement of this most fascinating part of the exercise. It is scarcely possible, however, to reduce the art to any thing like a system. The best way to acquire a knowledge of it, is to begin when young, and select some good skater as a pattern.

Although it is asserted, by some modern writers, that the metropolis of Scotland has produced more instances of elegant skaters than any other city whatever, the opinion seems to be, that Philadelphia, in this particular, stands unrivalled. The frequent facilities offered by the freezing of her noble rivers, must be borne in mind. There is scarcely a winter in which skating is not practised by a large portion



of her population for weeks together, and the climate is of so fluctuating a character, as to prevent any very long interruption of the amusement during the cold season. Many gentlemen, well known to the community, have displayed considerable skill and uncommon grace in the art, and caused this interesting pastime to be generally noticed. It is recommended by its excellent effects upon the body and mind; and perhaps, of all the amusements resorted to, is productive of the least inconvenience, and may be enjoyed at trifling risk. Accidents upon the ice are rare; they are generally the result of great carelessness, and in skating are not more to be dreaded than those met with in the common amusements of youth.

An entire abandonment of the old fashioned skates, commonly known by the name of gutters, dumps, rockers, &c. is strongly recommended. A proper skate iron is in shape very much like the runner of a sleigh, the curvature in it being very slight. The American skates, after an improved plan, are now manufactured by Mr. Thomas W. Newton, No. 60 Dock street, and will in the course of time come into general use, and entirely supersede the foreign article. They are formed altogether of iron, the foot piece being a thin plate of that metal, and the runner fastened to it, by having several projecting points passing through holes drilled in the foot piece, and rivetted, forming a strong and immovable union—a point in which the common kind is very deficient.

The principal advantages consist in the breadth of the foot plate, and the foot being brought *much nearer the ice*. The plate being made right and left, gives the entire breadth of the sole of the boot. It is also a little hollowed and turned upwards in front, fitting the shape of the sole exactly, and so pleasantly that a slight strapping suffices to hold it firm. Instead of being strapped from toe to heel, as in the common way, the strap forms a bracing *across the foot*, with four attachments on each side. The pressure is thus so equalized as to make it very comfortable. Upon taking off these skates, after hours of use, no cramping of the foot is felt. The great advantage in having so many bearings of the straps is, that the pressure of the large and continually moving tendons of the instep is avoided.

The runners are brought up in front till they turn over and touch the top of the foot, and being rounded on the edges and highly burnished, the appearance is light and handsome. This form is not given merely to please the eye; for, if every skater used this shape, those accidents which sometimes happen, by two persons hooking the points of their skates together, would never occur. The best improvement, lately discovered, consists in making the runner the

entire length of the foot, letting it come back to the extremity of the heel.

That great desideratum, the firm fixture of the skate to the heel, has, by a very simple plan, been perfected in the new kind. It is a small catch at the extreme end of the heel, which is with great facility attached to a screw head that is fixed and remains in the boot heel.

The iron soled skate is not a new invention; it was used in the family of the late Mr. Peale more than thirty years back.

In the compilation of this article, we are indebted to one or two friends, adepts in the art of skating, for their ideas upon the subject, and have also derived some assistance from a piece under that head, to be found in Nicholson's Encyclopedia. Should what we have written tend to bring this delightful pastime into general practice in the winter season, we shall be more than repaid for any little trouble its preparation may have occasioned.

P.

[*American Rural Sports.*]

#### ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

MR. EDITOR:

*Lexington, Ky. Dec. 17, 1832.*

The character of the dog has, in all ages, formed a favorite topic for the orator and poet, no less than the sportsman. His sagacity, loyalty, courage and magnanimity, with the meeker qualities of gratitude and humility, have furnished examples from which his proud master might have derived eminent edification. From the faithful dog of Sabinus,—who alone, of all his friends, ventured to remain by the mutilated body of his proscribed master, and who, finally, when that dishonored body was cast into the Tiber, embraced and sank with it,—down to the trusty attendant of the poor sweep, in our own age, who died beneath the cart-wheel in defending his master's blanket, this fine animal has continued to contribute to the comfort, assistance and pleasure of man. To occupy a page or two in your Magazine, should worthier matter not be at hand, with some testimony corroborative of the *reflecting* and *distinguishing* powers of this noble brute, (does he deserve such a name?) will not, I am certain, be distasteful to you, nor, I should hope, unacceptable to your readers.

As in all other histories, there has, no doubt, in that of the dog been much fabulous matter palmed on the public. The incidents I am about to record, though containing nothing of the wonderful, are certainly interesting, and have the great recommendation of truth:

"Quorum magna pars fui."

TRIM.—An acquaintance presented to Mrs. D. of M——, a young Newfoundland dog, who bore the above name. Owing to the professional engagements of his master, or his disinclination to every thing connected with field sports, Trim had received no training. He led a quiet idle life; nor deer, rabbit, duck, racoon, nor any other flesh or fowl, *feræ naturæ*, were ever disturbed in their haunts by him. He gamboled with the children, black and white; and his excellent temper made him a favorite with all. His strong points of character were developed by mere accident. Mr. D. had declined the practice of law for the occupation of a planter; but, in settling his old business, was occasionally absent on distant circuits.

Trim's usual dormitory was a huge cotton basket, well strewed with cotton in the seed, and placed upon the gallery of the dwelling. From this comfortable birth, he was never known to wander during the season of repose. Extremely regular and inert in his habits, he retired early, and left the protection of the premises to Lion, Tiger, Spot, and the host of "curs of high and low degree," infesting every southern quarter.

The first night of the absence of her husband, Mrs. D. heard some noise at her bed-room door, and rose for the purpose of ascertaining the cause. She was surprised, on opening it, to be greeted by Trim, who raised his huge bulk, and wagged his shaggy tail, as a salute to his mistress, and again stretched himself on the floor. She thought it singular that he should have left his snug basket and chosen the hard boards to rest upon; but paid no further attention to the matter, and retired. The next night she was again startled by something stirring in the entry, and, on going to the door, discovered Mr. Trim preparing himself for his night's rest. This was inexplicable. The next day strict examination was made of his basket, to discover if any thing had occurred to disgust him with it; but all appeared dry, warm and comfortable. Trim, nevertheless, continued to occupy his new station. On one occasion, about midnight, Mrs. D. requiring a servant, rang the bell, or gave the usual signal for her appearance; and the slave, as customary, came directly to the chamber door. Here she was met by honest Trim, who, with a low growl, raised up, erected his tail and hair, exhibiting such demonstrations of hostility as to alarm and astonish the Ethiopian.

"Fo, God, Tim, you gwine top Dinah! Who gib you con cake, I wunner! high! Poo, Tim!"

But Trim was inexorable. Dinah went on: "Dis pooty tory fir true!" Trim showed his teeth.—"Who you grin at, eh! You ugly brack devil! Here, Missy, I no can come in; dis Tim take up all de doar."

And so it was; for when Dinah's mistress reached the door, to inquire into this new fracas, there was Trim; his back up—his fiery eyes fixed on Dinah's feet; his otherwise pendulous chaps contracted to rigid and sinewy lines, forming a sable foil to a double row of ivory—sharp, strong, and formidable as a wolf-trap. So soon, however, as he saw his mistress, and understood from circumstances that Dinah was to be admitted, he put on his best humored looks, and, with one or two gambols that shook the floor, relinquished the contest. Such, however, was the ceremony he had established; and, up to the period of his master's return, any servant desirous of entering his mistress' chamber, after usual bed time, was called to a halt by the centinel, and there detained until regularly passed. All the incidents, as detailed, were related to Mr. D. on his reaching home; and feeling some curiosity on the subject, rose during the night, to see how the dog had disposed himself; but Trim was not there. He then threw on his cloak, went to the gallery, and found the late vigilant guard ensconced in his basket, and all his cares buried in the soundest slumbers. Several subsequent investigations were attended with like results. In fine, while the husband remained at home, Trim,—fond of his ease, and relieved from all anxiety,—rolled himself in the cotton, and snored soundly; but so soon as his master mounted for a journey, this faithful friend resumed his vigil over the wife, and, without her permit, peril and pain awaited the adventurous foot that approached the sacred chamber.

Is any comment necessary? Or is it not apparent, that this gallant dog, perceiving the comparatively defenceless situation of his mistress, in the absence of her husband, assumed the responsibility of a protector? and that, upon his return, he was aware that such a duty was no longer necessary? By what name, then, would the moral philosopher distinguish such impulses in an animal totally undisciplined?—Instinct, as we are taught to believe, is uniform. It is evinced by the bird in building its nest, or in defending its young. Reason is said to reflect, and from certain premises to deduce certain inferences. Acting upon occasion, it must necessarily be governed by circumstances. It would startle a schoolman, to assert that Trim was a *logician*; but it would puzzle him, I imagine, to define, in the incidents detailed, the limit between instinct and ratiocination.

CARLOS.—Most dogs,—I mean highly bred dogs,—have an antipathy to persons of shabby appearance: beggars, vagabonds, illy dressed negroes, "*et ia omne genus*." Carlos, the subject of this notice, was a pointer of the purest blood and high training, and possessed this prejudice in a remarkable degree. On the other hand, like many



other worldly-minded animals, he paid great respect to a prepossessing exterior; and a well dressed visiter was always received by him with respect and good humor: I would have said with *smiles*, if I thought that none but sportsmen would see these anecdotes; for what sportsman has not seen the smile of his noble dog, when he takes down his gun on a fine day in October? or his *frown*, if compelled to remain at home, and see his master depart with more favored companions, for sports of which, alas! he was not to partake? This is, however, somewhat of a digression; but it is all for the information of cockney readers, and to put them upon their guard, lest they may perchance happen to laugh when they hear an old sportsman talk of his dog's smiles.

But to return to our story. The likes and dislikes, of which we have spoken, are very common; but for a dog to select from a number of individuals, male and female, all alike strangers, a particular lady, to whom to devote himself, from whom he had never received caress or notice, who for a long time supposed that his attendance was merely accidental, and of course never "returned his love," must be admitted to be a little extraordinary. But so it was.—Among our casual visitors, who were numerous, was a lady, for whom Carlos formed this remarkable attachment; and, for the honor of the dog, it must be stated, that her personal attractions were by no means ordinary. An agreeable face, a fine figure and graceful carriage, certainly distinguished her. She was a favorite from the first visit; and whenever she appeared, her admirer would exhibit his satisfaction and joy by the most extravagant gambols. He received her at the gate, accompanied her to the door, and when she took leave, would watch her until she disappeared. He then began to escort her home, or to accompany her in subsequent visits. He waited patiently in the street till all these were accomplished, and never left her until he saw her safely at home. He, however, could not be persuaded to enter the house; but so soon as she opened the door, he parted from her, with evident reluctance, and returned home.

All these incidents the favored lady related to me; and stated, moreover, that, until she could not avoid perceiving this singular attachment, she had never even spoken to her admirer, and that with her family (for she was a married lady) Carlos had never made any acquaintance. Indeed, I have already mentioned that he never entered her house. His usual habits render all this still more extraordinary. He was no wanderer. There were several ladies and children in the house, yet Carlos never put himself to the trouble of accompanying them; and, except to follow his master to the field, until the attachment just detailed, he scarcely ever left home. It is

evident that this partiality was not governed by ordinary causes; for this animal almost invariably bestows his warmest affection upon those who feed him, hunt with him, and make a companion and pet of him. The delicate and generous attachment here evinced could not have been influenced by any of these selfish motives. How, then, is the problem to be solved? I leave it, with the case of Trim, to the philosophers, merely stating facts. In man, such impulses would be called reason, reflection, taste, discrimination. I am satisfied of the truth of the assertion, with which I am about to conclude (I fear) too long a communication, and perhaps a very dull one; which is, that Carlos was a most gallant fellow and an admirer of female loveliness.

With the best wishes for the success of your Magazine,  
I am, very respectfully, sir, your obedient servant,

ACTÆON.

#### COCK-FIGHTING IN SUMATRA.

MR. EDITOR:

*Good Luck, Md. Oct. 10, 1832.*

While overlooking some old papers, the other day, I was pleased in finding a number of an Irish periodical, published about half a century ago, called the Hibernian Magazine. Among other very interesting and instructive articles that it contained, I was delighted with one under the caption of "Curious Information concerning the Inhabitants of Sumatra;" from which I propose to make an extract, as it is of a character that comports with the object of your Magazine; and from the "curious information" that it contains, will, I doubt not, be acceptable to all who feel an interest in that kind of amusement—*once* so genteel, so noble, and so fashionable! and which I hope to see *once* more in vogue among the sportsmen of the turf—*once* more assuming its wonted respectability.

"RULES FOR COCKING.—They are fond of cock-fighting. Their cockpit,—if the expression may be used,—is a spot on the level ground, or a stage erected and covered in. It is inclosed with a railing, which keeps off the spectators: none but the handlers and heelers admitted within side. A man who has a high opinion of, and regard for his cock, will not fight him under a certain number of dollars, which he places in order on the floor. His poorer adversary is perhaps unable to deposit one half: the bystanders make up the sum, and receive their dividends in proportion, if successful! A father, on his deathbed, has been known to desire his son to take the first opportunity of matching a certain cock for a sum equal to his whole property, under a blind conviction of its being invulnerable.—*Cocks of the same color are never matched; but a grey against a pile, a yellow against a red, and the like. Great pains are taken in rearing*

and feeding. The cocks are frequently handled, and accustomed to spar in public, in order to prevent any shyness. Contrary to our laws, the owner is allowed to take up and handle his cock during the battle; to clear his eye of a feather, or his mouth of blood. When a cock is killed, or runs, his adversary must have sufficient courage and vigor left to peck at him *three times*, on his being held up to him for that purpose, or it becomes a drawn battle; and sometimes an experienced cocker will place the head of the vanquished bird in such an uncouth situation, as to terrify the other and render him unable to give this proof of victory. The cocks are never trimmed, but matched in *full feather*. This must add greatly to the effect of the bright scene; to see their brilliant plumage, unspoiled, unrobbed of its beauty, glittering in the sunbeams. The artificial spur, used in Sumatra, resembles in shape the blade of a cimeter, and proves a more destructive weapon than the European spur or gaffle. It has no socket, but is tied to the leg; and in the position of it the nicety of the match is regulated. As in horseracing, weight is proportioned to inches—so, in cocking, a bird of superior weight and size is brought to an equality with his adversary, by fixing the steel spur so many scales of the leg above the natural spur, and thus obliging him to fight with a degree of proportionate disadvantage. It rarely happens that both cocks survive the combat."

Thus we have the rules by which cock-fighting is conducted in the island of Sumatra; which code of rules are not only worthy the notice of the curious, but of those who wish to understand the best mode of conducting this noble sport. For they do contain, in my opinion, many useful and valuable hints to the lovers of that sport; and, if they are found to be so, and are the means of remodelling, for the better, any of the European rules upon that subject, I shall feel amply rewarded for my trouble. Then, I conclude, sir, with a sigh to the memory of departed joys, and a bumper to the wish that *we* may never see worse times than those bygone days of sunshine, when that pride and boast of every Prince Georgian sportsman,—that successful chief of Maryland fowls,—towered in the majesty of his power, and crowed triumphantly in the pride of his glory!—It is unnecessary to name *him*; but, for the sake of *another* bumper, we'll give once more—"The noble old Shaffter!" Yours, &c. W. B.

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DEER LEAP.—In the New Forest is a celebrated spot called the Deer Leap, where a stag was once shot, and, in the agony of death, collecting his strength, gave a bound which astonished those who saw it. It is commemorated by two posts, fixed at the extremities of the leap; the space between them is something more than eighteen yards!



### A DAY'S FOXHUNTING ON A FIVE YEAR OLD.

To the uninitiated, the following narrative of the incidents and disasters of a bold rider, in a hard chase, may appear unentertaining, if not incredible: but there are, we doubt not, amongst our readers, many who will see in it a vivid picture of real life, and will heartily sympathise with both rider and horse. Who, that is a true lover of the chase,—one that looks at his watch every hour after midnight, and then rises an hour before the cock crows,—ever knew, whilst Reynard was afoot, when to stop or what to stop at?

The narrative was given, by a member of the celebrated Meltonian club, to the Editor of the New English Sporting Magazine; and though, as he says, it may not be *à la Cicero*, nor quite equal to Demosthenes, it is so *business-like* that no foxhunter can hesitate to follow him, even though it be with a liveliness of sympathy that may make his very bones and his heart ache.

"I tallyhoed the fox away," said he; "so of course got a good start. I was on a very quick one, nothing like the best in my stable; in short, *only a five year old*, and not so wise as he should be. But I had had a taste of him, and I could neither blow him nor *funk* him, for he would face any thing. When he was in training,—which by the by was only last year,—he was a little queer in his temper, and he never appeared comfortable in a crowd; so that I always, when I could, took a line of my own with him.

"Our first fence this day was a flight of rails, with a yawning ditch on the further side, which I thought it was my luck to have the first fly at; but, looking earnestly at the hounds, as every man should do, you know, I never saw young M—, who came right across me at the fence, and got a nasty sort of a fall: (he told me, afterwards, he could not hold his mare; if so, all well; if not, *served him right*.) I tried to stop the young thoroughbred one; but he threw up his head, and



it was 'no go.' So, thinking my own the more valuable life of the two,—I mean more valuable than young M—'s,—I let him go, and all I saw of young M— was his mare's belly and his own head, the rest of his body being under the mare. However, I never touched him, I am happy to say, and two others did as I did; but the third was not *quite* so fortunate. He jumped on his head, as he thought; but it was only his hat, as his head had just then slipped out of it. But you know, my dear fellow, these things will happen in our fast country. No joke, you are aware, for a fellow to fall at the first fence, with such a crowd close behind him, all trying to get first—in fact all jealous as be d—d. However, I kept my line; and, if I remember right, the next fence was nothing—*only* a gate, a stiff one to be sure; but young ones are always good at timber, that is to say, if they will but look at it: but the pace was beginning to tell already, for the country was most infernally deep. There were not more than eight or ten *very* near the hounds, and no one exactly on my line; so I didn't care a rush for a fall. I saw things were going well, and puggy was facing a rare country. In short, we could plainly see we were in for a tickler.

"I began to be sorry, however, that I was riding the young one. Indeed, I meant to have had him second horse; and I will say this, Wilson\* advised me to it. However, I let him go; and, as I only gave three hundred for him at Newmarket, I thought I'd try what he was made of. You know, my good fellow, it's no use keeping horses to look at at Melton; and if they are good for nothing, send them to the hammer! Let them try their luck in the rurals. You know they wont do for us.

"The next fence was a bulfinch—black as hell itself. You could not have seen through it with a lantern. As to what was t'other side, Heaven only knew. I could not guess; but what was to be done? The hounds were going the top of the pace—no time to turn a yard right or left; two fellows rather nearer to them than I was, (could'nt bear that, you know;) so, *at it* we went. As for the young one, he absolutely appeared to like it; but I cannot say I did, though I should have thought little of it with most of my other horses, and you know I have near a score about as good as my neighbors. It was a rasper, to be sure; and I can't say but I was glad when we were over it. The next man to me would not have it at all; but there were five more well with the hounds to my left—all the rest *no where*. To be sure, the pace was nothing less than terrific. John White sang out: 'Sharper than common this morning, my boy; how does the young one like

\* His head groom.

it?' and you know he seldom cries out on that score. Indeed, he reminds me of Jem Robinson, the jockey. Jem swears a racehorse never yet went fast enough for *him*, and declares, if it would not hurt him, he should like to be shot out of a cannon's mouth; and so it is with John White and a few others. The pace is scarcely ever good enough for them. However, there was no cause for complaint now. My horse kept going well; in short, he delighted me. I would not have taken a thousand for him. He jumped an ox-fence,—the next but one after the bulfinch,—and then a stile, with an awkward foot-bridge, and a brook, quite as well as old Bounce would have jumped them. I have got a trump, quoth I to *myself*; for there was no one very near to have heard me. The blood of old Prunella\* will tell. But he kept shaking his head in a curious manner. I had never seen him do so before. If I had had my whip in my hand, I should have given him a nobber; for you know it's awkward going very fast at high and strong timber,—post and rail, or what not,—with a blind ditch on your side, (and you know the ditches in Leicestershire are like all other ditches in November,) with your horse shaking his head like a terrier shaking a rat. But I had lost my whip at that infernal bulfinch, and part of my breeches, too. I know not how it happened; but that day I was not in leathers. I suppose Johnson thinks corderoys less trouble, and often says, when he wakes me: 'Likely to be wet, sir; better not wear leathers to day.' The sly rogue! the washerwoman polishes the corderoys, but *he* cleans the leathers, you know. However, to proceed with my story. When we checked, for a minute or two, under Carlton clump, I found what it was that made the poor devil shake his head. He had got a great thorn in his eye, out of that infernal bulfinch, and the blood was running down the side of his head from a tear from another. I got the thorn out the best way I could; but he was evidently in great pain. What was to be done? I could have cried. You know I love horses better than most things, and I abhor cruelty in any shape. I would not it should have happened for a thousand guineas or more. But it was done. I looked out for the second horses—not one was to be seen; and how should they? We had come as straight as a bird could have flown, for at least six miles. I condemned myself; I wished myself any where but where I was; I said: 'What could have possessed me to have ridden Edwin first horse to-day, in such a country as this, when Footpad is so fit to go, and Wilson told me I'd better not.' 'I'll go home,' I said; but confound it—at that very moment Ravisher and Rantipole hit off the scent; and, my good fellow, what

\* Edwin was got by Pioneer, who was out of the famous Prunella, by Highflyer.

could I do? What would you have done? Edwin had recovered his wind, and as he shook his head less, and played cheerfully with his bit, I hoped he was better. He was carrying me *magnificently*; not more than a dozen fellows with the hounds; a splendid country before us—I took the lead again; I shall never forget the third fence we now came to, which was out of the next field but one to Shanktonholt. It was not a *double*, but a *treble* (a *trouble* I was going to say.) It was of this description, but thank heaven there are not many such. There was first a ditch, then a rail, then another ditch, and then another rail. You see there is no landing for a horse if he takes this at twice, except on the first rail, or in the second ditch; but the old ones *will* double these fences when very well handled too.

"But the wind was in Edwin, and I knew he would face any thing, but I doubted his being up to this queer double. I sent him at it, then, at the rate of forty miles an hour, thinking to clear it all; but, far as the clever young horse could fling himself, he could not clear the whole. He alighted with one fore leg over, and the other under the outermost rail, and gave me a thundering fall. 'It's unfortunate,' said I to myself, glancing my eyes at the fence, as I arose from the ground, 'if I had known that middle rail had been so weak, we should have gone in and out clever—at least with only a scramble. I'm out of luck to-day,' added I, 'but here goes again,' and soon jumped into my saddle.

"The hounds turning to me a little, I was almost immediately in my place again. 'What now?' said one. 'Disasters come thickly this morning,' cried another. 'All right again,' replied I; 'take care of yourselves, for we are in for business to-day, and I perceive *one or two of you* have been kissing your mother earth. Don't halloo till you're out of the wood, my boys!' The scent appeared better and better; indeed, the pace had been awful since the check in the windmill-field. I looked back twice, and could only see four, and there were but five besides myself with the hounds. 'This is beautiful!' I said. '*Divine!*' shouted L. I thought so too. I could not help giving them a cheer, which I don't often do. Ten minutes more, however, began to tell tales. One of the best nags out of Melton began to look queer, at least I thought so; but R. had rammed him along at a devil of a rate, and you know he rides with rather a slack rein. 'Never loose their heads, my boy, whatever you do,' said my uncle to me, soon after I was breeched; and no doubt you have heard of him in old Meynell's days. He was one of the best of that time, though he might be reckoned slow now. Well, to proceed with our run. We crossed the brook under Norton-by-Galby, and went as straight as a line for Rollestonwood. 'Ha! ha! *another* ox-fence,' said

I to myself, as we rose the hill in Galby-field, which being deep and holding, took rather tightish hold of the nags. In return, however, I kept a tight hold upon mine, and was delighted to find him so well. 'I'll not have this ox-fence,' said I; 'they are turning to the right, and I'll make for the sheep-pen in the corner.' But there was no such luck for me or my horse. The scent lay nearly right a-head of us, but the hounds, if any thing, were bearing to the left. 'Here goes then, there is nothing else for it;' so catching fast hold of his head I sent him at it manfully; but it had like to have been a case. The ditch was broad and deep, the hedge thick and plashed, and the rail beyond them strong. Neither was this all. There was a considerable fall into the next field, which would have been bad enough had my horse landed on the ridge, but unfortunately he landed in the furrow, and the furrow was deep and sticky. The drop must have been seven feet at the least, and he had a struggle to keep his legs, for he must have cleared more than seven yards in length, or he would not have got over it at all. *It told upon him;* but I soon got him upon a headland, and standing up in my stirrups, took a pull at his head, which recovered him wonderfully before he got to the end of the ground, which was sixty acres or more. In short he cleared a high gate into the Uppingham and Leicester road, a little to the right of Billesdon, and a large straggling blackthorn-hedge and ditch out of it with apparent ease to himself.

"*'This cannot last long,'* I said, 'I wish the fox would die, or that Footpad would make his appearance.' The latter chance, however, was out. 'He'll go to ground in the Coplow,' I vainly said to myself, or at least we may come to a check.' The devil a bit; he never went into the Coplow; but straight away as if for Lozeby-plantations. 'I shall kill the young one,' thought I; but what, my good fellow, could I do? We went right over Tilton-field—the devil's own place for a tired one—and out of it I got a fall; but I believe it was my own fault. The fence was of this description:—it was plashed, and newly plashed, with growers in it as thick as a man's thigh; but (the devil take all Leicestershire hedgers!) the brushwood leaned, uncut, towards me, over at least two yards of ground, and there was a yawning ditch on the further side. Edwin was going gallantly at it, when, perhaps thinking I was upon Guinea-pig, or perhaps fearing we might drop short, I rammed both spurs into his sides, and he jumped further than he need have done. He kept his legs on landing, but the third step he took his toe struck the top of a mole-hill, and down he went on his head. He rolled completely over me, and we lay on the ground together. He was up first, however, for I could neither stir hand nor foot; but it was only from the wind being knocked out of me, and in



a very few minutes I caught him. Indeed, he was walking *quietly* away, with his back turned to the hounds. (Between you and me, he began to think he had had enough of them.) I did not like his appearance. His tail was shaking—his flanks worked violently—there was that stare about his eyes which horses show when they are over-worked—and he staggered as I leaned my weight on the stirrup. I stood still for a moment but I could hear nothing. 'It's all over,' said I; 'I must go home;' and I patted Edwin on the neck, but dared not look at his eye. The very thoughts of it annoyed me excessively; 'but accidents,' said I, 'will happen.' I opened a gate on my left, and turned short on the headland, which led me on to a hard road. Here Edwin struck into a trot without being urged to it by me. 'Hark!' said I, 'I think I hear the hounds;' but Edwin had heard them before. From a trot he struck into a gallop, and I viewed them about a mile before me. 'He'll not face this wind,' said I, 'I have a chance of dropping in with them yet, and, *perhaps*, I may alight upon Footpad, for that's a clever little boy on his back.' But I ought to have been on him myself, and then I should have been in my place. 'By Jove,' continued I, 'they are coming round to us—he is turning short for Quenby. I shall catch them at Newton village. What a tickling the nags must have had over the hills!'

"I fell in with them in a road beyond the village. There were now seven men with the hounds, and I made the eighth. 'Where have you been?' said one, '*Where I deserve to be*,' was my reply. 'Are you hurt?' 'No.' But Edwin! what a state was he in? Why, my dear fellow, I'll tell you. The hard road had recovered him, and he leaped a widish place out of the lane when the hounds crossed under his nose, as well as he would have leaped it in the morning. '*He's heart of oak*,' said I, and sent him at a flight of rails quite as high as his back, which he cleared with apparent ease. In short, he appeared the freshest horse in the field; but he had had his puff whilst the others were going over Newtonhills (but remember he was only a five year old.) Distress showed itself in all; even Mountebank began to refuse, which he never does till he is beat, and T. swears he was never beat but twice. L. got fast in a sheep-pen; for although old Dance-away jumped into it he would not jump out of it: in short, the jump was out of him, and we never saw him again. 'Where's the best place?' cried Lord —, who could not face some timber, and was looking for a creep through a bulfinch: he could not find one, and we never saw him again. 'How shall we get over the brook?' hollowed N. who would have jumped one twice as wide in the morning without thinking about it. '*Go quick at it*,' said I, and Edwin went a yard beyond it. 'Well done the five year old!' hollowed W.

and in an instant he was over his head in the water, for his horse never rose at it at all.

"There were only four of us with the hounds, and it began to be labor and sorrow. As for Edwin, I found it was all over with him. The flash-in-the-pan had exploded, or I should rather say it was extinguished at the brook. Still, however, I am ashamed to say, I persevered with him, but I could scarcely lift him along;—he dragged his legs through his fences, and I could not make him rise. He was down on his head twice, though we did not part company. In addition to this, with the finest mouth in the world, he leaned half his weight on my hand, and the hounds were leaving us apace. 'I'll try him once more,' said I; so I got him on a smooth head-land (for the ridge and furrow were destroying him) and sent him at a stile at the end of it. For the first time in his life he refused; I put him at it again, and I thought he was going to take it; but he had not the power to rise, and, swerving a little to the right, he ran his head into the hedge and floundered on his knees on the bank. I jumped off him immediately, and thanked him for not giving me a fall. I could still see the hounds, and three men going by their side. But I could *only see* them, I could no longer be with them; like Richard at Bosworth what would not I have given for a horse!

"The sequel, however, is to come. The fox was killed about three miles beyond, after one of the finest chases recorded even in Leicestershire. But in what situation were myself and poor Edwin? As for myself, I was bruised and sore, and had dislocated one of my fingers; I had also lost my whip; but these were only trifles. I could not bear to look upon Edwin. I got on the off-side of him to lead him, because it was the near eye that was injured. I looked for a village, but I could see none; but I saw the house of a Leicestershire grazier, and that was enough for me. I led Edwin to his stable, and his hack conveyed me to Melton.

"'Wilson,' said I to my groom, and no man has a better, 'send a boy back with this hack directly, and put yourself into a gig without loss of time, with every thing necessary for a tired and maimed horse, and leave him not till he is recovered—that is to say, if—' (mind ye, my good fellow, I had my fears.) 'Contrary to your recommendation, Wilson, I rode the young one the first run this morning; and, unfortunately for me, it has been the best we have had these three years.' 'Tis a pity you rode Edwin, sir, when Footpad wants work,' said Wilson, in a low but respectful tone, such as grooms are wont to use. 'I think he'll make the best horse in your stable in another year or two. But where shall I find him, sir?' continued he. 'At that excellent fellow's house, Mr. T's, near Hungerton. He has turned his

own horse out of his best loose box on purpose to make Edwin comfortable.' *'But where is he cut, sir?'* asked the unsuspecting groom. *'Is it an overreach, or have you staked him?'* *'I've done neither,'* I said; *'you will see; get to him as quickly as you can.'*

"Do you know, my good fellow, we dined at B's, a capital party, and went to Lord C's afterwards, where all sort of fun was going on; but curse me if I could eat my dinner or enjoy any thing after it for thinking of my poor young horse. But it is time to finish this story, for upon my word I don't like to think of it. The next morning was Sunday, and I told Johnson not to call me till ten. However, I was fidgetty, so rang my bell at nine, and asked if there were any tidings about my horse. 'Yes, sir,' said Johnson; 'Wilson came home last night.' 'How is that?' said I. *'Edwin was dead, sir, before he got to the house.'* 'Shut the door,' said I, hastily, and don't come near me till twelve. I have a good mind to say I'll never go a hunting again. I shall never forgive myself, by Jove!"

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#### XMAS SPORTS NEAR WARSAW, VA.

Mr. Neale and Mr. Tayloe met at Menokin a full field of old and young, with their hounds, which Old Leather Stockings said would "do honor to any country;" and he ought to know, for he is Sir Jennings Beckwith—a lineal descendant of Sir Jonathan Beckwith, of Albrough, near Ripon, knighted April 15th, 1681. Of course great expectation was excited, and no one disappointed. A grey was soon on foot, and killed after a run of thirty-one minutes—most of the time in view. The belles of the county had assembled at the house, and the biggest bowl was filled with apple toddy, which was scarcely emptied before "Dinner ready, sir," caused a move. A most sumptuous dinner it was, too. The company separated late, to meet next day near Mount Airy. They did meet; Mr. Jeffries joining with some of his dogs—"equal (he thinks) to any in the world." Passing Landsdown, the dogs winded. The knowing ones said "a red had walked;" and they were right. On getting to cover, the burst was tremendous. A red and grey came together in view, and ran through the fields. On parting company, the dogs divided; seven at the red, followed by every huntsman, over some thousands of acres of high and low lands. He was killed, after a very hard run of two hours and eleven minutes. The party went to the great house: apple toddy and old rye was ready; the dogs had their mess; Tychicus was visited, and then the training course. Made up a match for a quarter race, every person taking sides for a *fish fry*, which Cornelia won; beating a four year old, bred by Mr. Neale. Of course there was a second

race; and then the carriages were seen coming from Warsaw, with the ladies. Dinner was soon over, and glasses emptied.—“To any man who fires cut-down pines to benefit hunters.” A long story was told on Leather Stockings, who was guilty of that act. Another race was made for *egg-nogg*—the doctor’s pony and a farmer’s riding horse; which was immediately run, and run over again—the doctor winning. By this time it was dark; and the company separated, to end the year by foxhunting all Monday, and dining at Mr. Saunders’. A large company met near Totuskey—thirty-three dogs in the field—wind east and southeast. Killed two greys, after runs of thirty-five and forty-one minutes. Again had the apple toddy and dinner. It over, a pet fox was turned out; every chance being given it to get home in a run of a mile and a half. But he could not go it: he was run into in less than five minutes.

The party separated this evening, (December 31, 1832,) with the determination to attend to business, and rest the dogs till next good day.

A NORTHERN NECKER.

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### FOXHUNTING.

MR. EDITOR:

*James City, Va. Nov. 26, 1832.*

I am fond of foxhunting, and the pieces in the Register on that subject are not without interest to me—indeed, it gives me so much pleasure to think over the joys of the chase, that I may possibly indulge myself in some description of a chase during the winter, if I can find a fox, whose speed and bottom shall give him claim to a place in the Sporting Magazine. But as yet I have started none during this season, who could give employment to my little pack more than fifteen or twenty minutes. A fellow of eight hours run, such as I killed last winter, I fear will be difficult to find. But I am promised an old red fox on the Chickahomony, and if my informers are not mistaken, you shall hear from him before I plant corn.

Yours, &c.

J. S.

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### A GOOD SHOT.

MR. EDITOR:

*James City, Va. Nov. 26, 1832.*

I have seen several anecdotes in your paper not more worthy of notice than the following, for the truth of which, I pledge my veracity. Some years since, Mr. Loury, of Elizabeth City, mounted on a colt, who had never before carried a gun, rode in half speed at a deer who was crossing his course, through an open wood, and without halting, fired upon, and killed the deer, who was running at his utmost speed.

Yours, &c.

J. S.





## SHOOTING.

(Continued from page 247.)

In bad weather, the birds will generally be found about midway on the hills; and in case of very bad weather, the butts of the mountains are the places to which they resort; but in fine weather; they will frequently be found near the tops.

Grouse go to water immediately after their morning flight, which is the proper time to begin the day's diversion: from that time till the extreme heat of the day comes on, good sport may be obtained; as also, from half past three till sunset. Should the sportsman, however, be inclined to continue his diversion in the dead time of the day, (which is from about eleven till three) let him be careful to hunt all the deep cracks he meets with, as grouse frequently creep in them to shelter themselves from the excessive heat of the sun; at this time also, they may frequently be found in mossy places.

In this diversion, be careful to give your dogs the wind, and also to try the sides of the mountains which are most sheltered; if it blows hard, you will be certain to find the birds where the heath is longest; and when this unfortunately happens to be the case, they generally take long flights, and these too, are, for the most part, *down* the wind, which is the very reverse of what most other fowls are known to do.

On finding a pack of grouse, the old cock is generally the first that makes his appearance, and the first that takes wing: if he has not been much disturbed, he will run out before the dogs, making a *chucking* noise, and will generally get up and *challenge*, without seeming to testify any fears for himself; but by this he warns the hen

and the poults, which immediately begin to run and separate. The hen generally runs as far as she can from you, in order to draw your attention from the poults; and if the latter are strong enough to shift for themselves, she will sometimes make off altogether, in which case, good diversion will generally follow. The main object, however, should be to kill the old cock, in which case you will most likely be enabled to pick up the young ones, one after another, as in the beginning of the season, they lie very close, particularly after hearing the report of a gun, which terrifies them to such a degree that you may sometimes pick them up with your hand from under the dog's nose. When this happens, the ground cannot be too carefully beaten. It frequently happens, however, that the old cock gets safe away, for he is seldom inclined to suffer the near approach of the sportsman. Old cocks may be frequently found sitting alone amongst bunches of heath or long grass, surrounded by water: the bunches of heath or grass to which we allude (and which seem to be a favorite resort of the solitary cock grouse) being situated in plashes or wet places.

It is well known that game, generally speaking, are difficult of approach in wet weather; but the case is somewhat different with grouse, at least in the beginning of the season. A few years ago the writer was shooting on the extensive moors belonging to the Bishop of Durham, near Weardale (August 13, 1822;) it came on to rain very violently; and, as he was endeavoring to shelter himself under a huge stone (fragment of a rock,) the Bishop's head keeper, Mr. Wm. Rippon, approached for the same purpose. The rain fell heavily for some time, and the heath, of course, was drenched with wet. As the day was far spent, the writer had some notion of retiring, supposing, according to the general idea, that the birds would not lie. In the course of conversation, however, the keeper informed me that this was a mistake, and that after a heavy rain, grouse would *lie like stones*. In order to ascertain the truth of this assertion, the writer immediately sallied forth and met with good diversion. The birds lay so close, that they literally rose under the noses of the dogs, and some suffered themselves almost to be trod upon before they would rise. They were principally single birds, but that, in all probability, arose from the circumstance of the number of shooters on the same moors, by whom the broods had, of course, been scattered.

The writer was somewhat surprised, at what was new to him, and directly contrary to the generally received opinion; but the reason is evident: the heath being remarkably wet, the birds could not run; and, as they had been alarmed by much previous firing, they were afraid to get on the wing, and hence the matter seems completely explained. But at a later period of the season, the case would no

doubt have been very different; and it may be taken for granted, that game of all kinds are difficult of approach in wet and boisterous weather.

Of all shooting, none is so laborious, either for man or dog, as that of grouse; the sportsman ought, therefore, to be provided with plenty of dogs, in order to rest them alternately; and one brace, or a brace and a half, of good ones at a time, will be fully sufficient.

To insure an abundance of grouse, care should be taken, prior to the pairing season, to destroy a number of the male birds, as, at the close of the shooting season, a preponderance of cocks will uniformly be found. It is well known to sportsmen, that the cock bird is always the first to take wing; he cautiously avoids the approach of the shooter, and hence the reason why so many male birds are always left. If, therefore, at the commencement of the breeding season, more cocks are left than can find mates, furious battles ensue, much confusion is produced, and the nestling and incubation suffer in consequence.

It is a prevalent opinion that a dry breeding season is detrimental to grouse; this, we conceive, to be a notion hastily adopted, and which will not bear the test of investigation. And, while this opinion is so inconsiderately taken up, it is as strenuously maintained, that the season cannot be too dry for partridges. Now, it appears strange, to say the least of it, that a wet season should be conducive to the health of young grouse, and yet highly detrimental or destructive to young partridges. They are not exactly the same birds, it is true; but they are in some measure allied to each other, while there is a striking similitude in their habits. In a dry breeding season, partridges are sure to be abundant; for a very good reason, their eggs are not chilled by the wet, nor do the young birds suffer, for the same reason; and it will take something more in the shape of argument, than an inconsiderate assertion, or the dictum of ignorance, to convince reasonableness that the case is not precisely the same with grouse. The mountains, distinguished by the name of Westhope Fells, Westmoreland, are remarkably wet, and for this reason (according to the prevalent notion) as the season (1820) had been uncommonly dry, they should have produced an abundance of game, or, at least, much more than other mountains, which were equally remarkable for their being dry. This was not the case; for on the 13th of August, when we ranged Bollyhope Fells, which are very dry, I found the grouse much more abundant—in the proportion of four to one.

As grouse, however, are found only in particular parts of the country, the pursuit of these fine birds is by no means so general as partridge shooting. Grouse are out of the reach of Cockney sportsmen;

and though many tradesmen, resident in large towns, contrive to enjoy, now and then, the pursuit of the partridge, they seldom venture upon a grouse shooting excursion, on account of the distance, perhaps, as well as the expense necessarily attendant upon it. The Highlands of Scotland abound with grouse, as well as black game; while ptarmigan, or white grouse, are found on the grey tops of many of the highest mountains. But these birds, in Scotland, are not confined to that part of the country, particularly distinguished by the name of the *Highlands*, as they are very plentiful in other parts—at least the black and red grouse; in the neighborhood of Nithsdale, belonging, principally, to the Duke of Buccleugh, for instance, these birds appear as numerous as in the Highlands.

In England, red grouse are found in greater plenty in Cumberland, perhaps, than in any other part, and particularly in the neighborhood of Shap, (principally, we believe, the property of the Earl of Lonsdale;) they are also plentiful in Westmoreland and Durham, and also in Yorkshire: they are to be found on the hills in Lancashire; grouse, both black and red, are to be met with in Derbyshire and Staffordshire, as well as in several other parts of England, but not in profuse abundance. Grouse are also found in both Ireland and Wales.

For several weeks prior to the 12th of August, dog carts may be frequently seen on the road to the north, laden with that sagacious animal, which so essentially contributes to the success of the chase; and, as the time approaches, equipages on a smaller scale may be observed in great numbers, all directing their course to the scene of action. About the 10th or 11th, the roads become crowded with sportsmen and their attendants, who travel principally in gigs, in the bottom of which is generally seen, a convenient receptacle for several pointers. The more humble pursuers of the chase seize the opportunity offered to them by numerous extra stage-coaches, of reaching their destination in time; and thus, by the eve of the 12th, every one is at his post, palpitating with the eager expectation of to-morrow's sport, and uttering the most fervent ejaculations for fine weather.

Grouse, when sent to a distance, should be packed air tight, and not drawn.

(To be continued.)

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LEVANTER is a word very well understood on the turf, and means a person who does not pay his debts; but this is an evil which works its own cure, as Levanters soon become known, and consequently despised: they are not allowed to mix in the betting stand or circle, and are shunned by all honorable men.



## A DEERHUNT IN NORTH CAROLINA.

MR. EDITOR:

*Smithville, Brunswick Co. N.C. Oct. 15, 1832.*

The morning of the 7th of January last was fixed upon for celebrating, by a deerhunt, the recollections of that glorious day which shed such bright and unfading lustre upon the American arms at New Orleans—the 8th falling on Sunday.

Every thing being in readiness, and the dogs in fine spirits, the party, which consisted of five gentlemen and a youth,—a son of Major C. of the army,—left here on horseback, and rode to Baker's Neck, about two miles from this village. Here we took our first drive; but were unsuccessful in it, as a "*fire hunter*" had anticipated us the previous night. As soon therefore as the huntsman made his appearance, we mounted our horses again and rode to Nancy's Neck, about half of a mile from our first drive, and in the direction that we would take in returning home. The horses were given in charge of a servant, and we took our stands in silence—waiting anxiously for a challenge from the dogs.

A few minutes elapsed only before the well known voice of old Rouser was heard, giving "note of preparation" for the contest; and a few minutes more brought down the full cry of the pack, like a whirlwind. The deer was evidently taken by surprise; and, judging from the tremendous cry of the dogs, he had barely time to shake the slumber from his eyelids, and say "Good morning to you, gentlemen." They pushed him like madcaps, and run him, in about fifteen minutes, within fifty yards of the stand of Mr. J. H. H. who laid him out at full length, with three shot in the shoulder—placed in a space that a dollar would cover.

It was now evident that there was another deer on foot; for the dogs had divided, and were running to the head of the drive. I saw the deer approaching—dashing through the cover at a rapid rate, and the dogs within fifty yards, going at too quick a pace for holding a conversation with one another, and straining every nerve to overtake the chase; who, as he approached the more open cover, bounded high in the air for the purpose of discovering whether any danger lay in that direction. He dashed out of the cover gallantly, and, while making another bound, was brought down by the young lad above mentioned, who was not quite thirteen years of age. His shot told, and the spoils were his.

To say that the heart of my young friend was not large enough to contain all his joy, would not convey any idea of the ecstasy he was in. As the several individuals who composed the party came in, he

described all the circumstances with great minuteness: how the deer approached his stand—how he aimed—(suited the action to the word)—how the deer fell—the excellence of his gun, and the number of shot which she did, and could carry; and finally, declared he would go immediately home and tell his mother. This will better illustrate his feelings than any thing else, and it shows, too, that his disposition is not a selfish one.

It frequently happens that young deerhunters forget, when they see a deer within a proper distance of their stand, that they are placed there for the purpose of shooting. Indeed, such are the emotions which the sight of a deer creates, that they often forget they have a gun; or, if they recollect it, it is not until the deer is entirely out of reach. Others, again, recollect this part of the business *too well*, and often fire when the deer is approaching their stands, at a distance of two hundred yards. At one of our hunts on Bald Head, several years ago, a gentleman had an excellent stand, from which he could see a deer approaching for more than two hundred yards. The drive had been a successful one—three deer having been started. One was shot, another shot at, but not hit; and the third took the direction of the stand above referred to. We all cast our eyes that way, expecting to see the deer fall. Instead of which, we saw the gentleman seize his gun by the *muzzle*, and, with his arms extended, heard him vociferate: “Keep off, d—n your eyes; if you don’t, I’ll knock you down.” It is needless to say, that this caution did not pass unheeded. Excuse this digression.

After the deer had been opened and their entrails taken out, we mounted our nags, and again turned homeward; but, as we approached the schoolhouse drive, we concluded to try our luck there. Accordingly, the dogs were uncoupled, and had hardly got into the cover before they opened, and were in full cry in a few minutes. The chase bore up for my stand, which was in the road leading to this village; and as he leaped, to cross the road, he was brought to “mother earth” by your humble servant, with two shots through the head, and three in the neck. His run was short, but handsome—every dog being in his place and doing his duty.

The sport, for the day, terminated here. We had run three deer, (and they were the only ones started,) which we had killed, and had been from home not quite four hours; and at no time more than two and a half miles from the village. The evening of the 9th found us around the festive board, where ample justice was done to the venison, and where we did not forget to drink to the *maiden shot* of our host’s oldest son.

NATTY BUMPO.

## HORSE PLAY.

Every reader at all familiar with rural life, its occupations and amusements, will have said to himself, on reading SWALLOW BARN; this author must assuredly have been "brought up" in the midst of scenes such as he describes—none other could have sketched them with such felicity of coloring and designs so true to nature. Neither is it sufficient that a writer should have *seen*, merely, to enable him to pourtray so graphically. He must possess a natural *tact*, for aptly associating and shadowing out objects, that though, when thus presented, are at once familiar to the recollection of all that have been "raised" in the country; very few only can thus delineate them—"Poeta nascitur non fit." And the genius that groups its objects and draws characters as we find them in SWALLOW BARN, is so nearly akin to that which makes men poets and painters, that we may safely aver this first essay of the author, not to be the work solely of care and study. There must be some congenial element in the soil, some self-supplying power that needs only to have fair play, to produce successive and yet richer fruits. To whatever combination of circumstances and faculties, we may owe this addition to our stock of entertaining fiction, there is in the work a display of playful imagination, with an easy command and choice of language, with other proofs of high mental culture, that hold out the assurance that the author must have yet more in store for us.—As the young eaglet commits himself, for the first time, to the lightest of all elements, with distrustful and fluttering heart, but returning in safety to his native aerie, soon again leaves it, to ride in full assurance on the storm, or, in air self-balanced to survey the boundless space,

"Where mountains rise and circling oceans flow;"

so with the gifted author whose learning and imagination have borne him safely through his first adventure: but the most fortunate should remember, that genius is as often overrated by the flattery that ensues the success, as by the despondence which follows the (too often accidental) miscarriage of a first essay.

There are many sketches in the work, that would not be thought unsuitable to the Sporting Magazine, if we had room for their insertion. We regret that we have only room for an extract, chosen rather as being adapted to the little space that is left us, than as affording a fair specimen of the style of the author.

"We now entered upon the meadow, and soon came up with several of the beautiful animals whose ancestry had been the subject of

this discussion. They were generally in the wild and unshorn condition of beasts that had never been subjected to the dominion of man. It was apparent that the proprietor of the stock kept them more for their nobleness of blood than for any purpose of service. Some few of the older steeds showed the care of the groom; but even these were far from being in that sleek state of nurture which we are apt to associate with the idea of beauty in the horse. One, skilled in the points of symmetry, would, doubtless, have found much to challenge his admiration in their forms; but this excellence was, for the most part, lost upon me. Still, however, unpractised as I was, there was, in the movements of these quadrupeds, a charm that I could not fail to recognize. No sooner were we descried upon the field, than the different troops, in the distance, were set in motion, as if by some signal to which they were accustomed; and they hurried tumultuously to the spot where we stood, exerting their utmost speed, and presenting a wonderfully animated spectacle. The swift career of the horse, upon an open plain, is always an interesting sight; but as we saw it now, exhibited in squadrons, pursuing an unrestrained and irregular flight, accompanied with wild and expressive neighs, and enlivened with all the frolicksome antics that belong to high-mettled coursers, it was a scene of singularly gay and picturesque beauty. The ludicrous earnestness too, with which they crowded upon us!—there was in it the natural grace of youth, united with the muscular vigor of maturity. One would rear playfully, as he thrust himself into the compact assembly; another would advance at a long, swinging trot striking the ground at every step with a robust and echoing stroke, and then, halt suddenly, as if transfigured into a statue. Some would kick at their comrades, and seize them with their teeth in the wantonness of sport: others would leap, in quick bounds, and make short circuits, at high speed, around the mass, with heads and tails erect, displaying the flexibility of their bodies in caracols of curious nimbleness. The younger colts would impertinently claim to be familiar with the horses we rode; and were apt to receive, in return, a severe blow for the intrusion. Altogether, it was a scene of boisterous horse-play, well befitting the arrogant nature of such a licentious, high-blooded, far-descended and riotous young nobility.

"It may be imagined that this was a sight of engrossing interest to Meriwether. Both he and Carey had dismounted, and were busy in their survey of the group, all the while descanting upon the numberless perfections of form that occurred to their view; and occasionally interlarding their commendations with the technical lore of genealogy, which, so far as I was concerned, might as profitably have been delivered in Greek.



"The occasion of this rapid concentration of our cavalry was soon explained. Meriwether was in the habit of administering a weekly ration of salt to these wandering hordes at this spot; and they, therefore, were wont to betake themselves to the rendezvous, with all the eagerness we had witnessed, whenever any sign was afforded them that the customary distribution was to be made. Care was now taken that they should not be disappointed in their seasonable expectations; and Carey was, accordingly, despatched for the necessary supplies to the stable."

"FAIR PLAY IS A JEWEL."—In all racing accounts, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," is expected. In Bertrand's memoir, Shakspeare is not credited with having beaten him; nor in Barefoot's performance at Wolverhampton, in August, is "the whole truth" given. No mention is made of the winner, Euphrates; but, by implication, we are left to believe Barefoot won "the Darlington cup of one hundred sovereigns, added to a subscription of ten sovereigns each; three miles; thirteen subscribers." The following account is given in the *Turf Herald*, vol. ii. (1825,) p. 88, after the caption quoted above:

"Mr. Mytton's ch. g. Euphrates, aged, by Quiz, 8 st. 12 lbs.  
(Hayes,) - - - - - 1

"Lord Darlington's ch. h. Barefoot, five years old, by Tramp,  
8 st. 10 lbs. - - - - - 2

"Sir J. Stanley's ch. h. General Mina, five years old, by Camillus,  
8 st. 10 lbs. - - - - - 3

"Mr. Tomes' b. c. Sir Grey, four years old, by Rubens, 8 st. 4

"Euphrates won in the finest style."

The *preceding day*, Sir Grey, carrying 8 st. 6 lbs.—running for "the tradesmen's cup, one hundred sovereigns, &c.; three miles; fifteen subscribers,"—had been beaten by

"Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Haji Baba, four years old, by Filho da Puta,  
8 st. 5 lbs."

"An excellent race"—both beating Grenadier, Sir Edward, The Agent and Mazame; giving them weight.

FAIR PLAY.

WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST.—Carey and Lea have in press a republication of an elegant English work under this title, a copy of which has been shown to us. It is an amusing work, illustrated with several spirited pictures exhibiting the feats of the chace, of eyrie hunting, &c. in the western parts of Great Britain.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

☞ THE DETERMINATION to have this Magazine published punctually before the first of the month, prevents us from waiting for the result of the great match at Columbia between Bonnets o' Blue and Little Venus.

☞ For the splendid Cup, offered by J. C. Craig, Esq. valued at \$500, and the stakes, the race will come off next Spring meeting, on the Central Course; two mile heats, \$100 entrance, not less than five to make a race. The cup to be won twice before it is taken: but the stakes to be paid to the winner at each race. When the cup is taken, \$500 of the stakes to be reserved to replace it; so as to perpetuate this race on the Central Course.—Weights, time and place of closing, and other particulars, in our next.

☞ A CONTRACT has been made with the owner of the dam of TRIFLE, under which the purchaser is to give one thousand dollars for each of her foals, *by Sir Charles*, when weaned.

TRIFLE is quite lame in the shoulder, and will not be trained next season, even if her lameness goes off.

COLONEL WYNN gives one thousand dollars for Flirtilla's next foal, by Eclipse.

MR. BADGER lately sent to Virginia five of his young brood mares, having a superfluity—three of which have readily sold for *five hundred dollars* each.

MARY RANDOLPH is said to be complaining in one foot. She does not go into the great four year old stakes at the Central Course next spring.—The odds in that race are in favor of Medoc. Colonel Johnson names full sister to Bertrand Junior.

MARY RANDOLPH won in regular purses, the autumn she was three years old past, the neat little sum of \$7300.

SALES OF HORSES.—Our patrons will have observed that we embrace opportunities of *reporting sales* of horses; not doubting that such items convey acceptable information to our readers. It has been suggested, by more than one of our correspondents, that the reports made to us are in some cases fallacious, and prompted by sinister motives. All that we can say is, that we do not publish them without having our authority, to which we can at all times refer; and that we shall feel it our duty to expose, promptly and severely, all attempts to practise imposition through the agency of this work. One particular case has been mentioned, by more than one, and in a manner to justify an allusion to it here, where a horse, stated to have been purchased for \$3000, is alleged to have been bought in fact for \$1250. In that case, for *our guarantee*, we refer our correspondents to p. 198, vol. iv.

MR. EDITOR:

I contemplated to have given you a list of my entire stud; but I have not yet arranged it properly. You shall have it soon as completed. I have sold my b. h. MERLIN to Mr. Thos. A. Pankey, of Tennessee, near Nashville, for \$6000—three for one half.

BRUTUS, by Sir Archy, out of the grandam of Johnson's Trifle, has also gone to Tennessee—price \$2500.

JAMES CROPPER I have sold and sent to Kentucky, near Lexington, to Samuel L. Felson—half for \$3000.

ACQUITAL, by Timoleon, out of the dam of the noted runner Bolivar, by Sir Hal, and the Beggar Girl, by Sir Archy, I have also sent to Kentucky—price \$2500.

WM. WYNN.

**ARIEL.**—It appears by a sketch furnished by Colonel Wynn, that, "under a continuation of one training," in the autumn of 1827, this most distinguished *campaigner* ran ninety-nine miles—most of it under whip and spur. It is only of that period that Colonel Wynn speaks. We will feel much obliged to any gentleman for such materials as he can furnish, towards a complete memoir of an animal, whose owners will assuredly not suffer her to go off the stage without leaving her likeness of form and features in the American Turf Register.

A HORSE! a horse! *my* kingdom for *such* a horse. Mr. J. D. Amis has been heard to declare that SIR ARCHY has cleared him *seventy-six thousand dollars!* after deducting all expenses and the interest on the original purchase money!

ANDREW is still too lame to be removed from Fairfield.

#### SWEEPSTAKES TO BE RUN OVER THE CENTRAL COURSE.

1. A sweepstakes for four year olds spring of 1833, to run spring meeting 1833; four mile heats. Entrance \$500, h.f. Six subscribers, and closed:

J. C. Stevens, enters Medoc, by Eclipse.

William Wynn, b. c. Anvil, by Monsieur Tonson.

Thomas D. Johnston, Florida, by Contention; dam by Francisco.

J. M. Botts, Tobacconist, by Gohanna.

William R. Johnson, full sister to Bertrand Junior.

James J. Harrison, Sally Drake.

2. A sweepstakes for three year olds next spring, to run next fall meeting; two mile heats. Entrance \$500, h.f. Eleven subscribers, and closed:

William R. Johnson, enters full sister to Herr Cline.

Henry A. Tayloe, f. Emily Tonson, by Monsieur Tonson; dam Lucy Gwynn, by Sir Charles.

Edward Parker, full brother to Pilot.

C. S. W. Dorsey, ch. f. by Maryland Eclipse, out of a Tuckahoe mare.

J. M. Botts, Gohanna colt, out of Sir Walter's dam.

James M. Selden, ch. c. by Monsieur Tonson, out of Adelaide, by Wonder.

William Wynn, full brother to Anvil.

R. F. Stockton, a Monsieur Tonson colt, out of Iris.

R. L. Stevens, a Henry, out of Cinderella.

A. P. Hamlin, gr. c. by American Eclipse, out of Empress.

R. Gilmor, Jr. gr. c. Cadet, by Medley, out of Sally Walker.

3. A produce sweepstakes for colts and fillies to be foaled next spring, (1833,) to run fall meeting 1836; two mile heats. Entrance \$500, h. f. Nineteen subscribers, and closed:

J. C. Stevens, enters produce of Janet and Henry.

Hamilton Wilkes, produce of Betsey Richards and Henry.

William H. Tayloe, produce of Miss Chance, in foal to Star.

James S. Garrison, produce of Atalanta, by Gohanna; and of Eliza White, by Eclipse.

Wm. Coleman, produce of Maria and Charles.

S. O. Jacobs, produce of Sally Smith and Medley.

John C. Craig, produce of Coquette and Medley.

William Wynn, produce of Isabella and Sir Charles.

Thomas B. Coleman, produce of Mary Robinson and Medley.

William H. Minge, produce of Eliza Adams and Timoleon.

Robert L. Stevens, produce of Meg Dods and Henry.

William R. Johnson, produce of Polly Hopkins and Sir Charles.

Henry A. Tayloe, produce of Lucy Gwynn and Timoleon.

R. F. Stockton, produce of Charlotte Pace and Medley.

C. S. W. Dorsey, produce of Tuckahoe mare and Sussex.

Boling E. Graves, produce of Hephestion mare and Sir Charles.  
 R. Gilmor, Jr. produce of Sally Walker and Sir Charles.  
 David H. Branch, produce of Herr Cline's dam and Sir Charles.  
 John M. Botts, produce of Mischief and Gohanna.

4. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies three year old spring of 1834, to run spring 1834; mile heats. Entrance \$100, h. f. Nine subscribers, and closed:

Henry A. Tayloe, enters gr. c. Renovator, by Brilliant; dam Indiana, by Florizel.

T. R. S. Boyce, Joshua, by Gohanna; dam by Herod.

Jacob Powder, Jr. b. c. Jim Carr, by Forester; dam Forest Maid.

Thomas Snowden, Jr. b. c. by Industry, out of a mare by Ogle's Oscar.

R. Gilmor, Jr. b. c. by Sir Hal, out of a Potomac mare.

Richard C. Stockton. James M. Selden. John McP. Brien. Davis and Selden.

5. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies three years old spring of 1834, to run fourth day fall meeting 1834; two mile heats. Entrance \$500, h. f.—four or more to make a race; to close and name by 1st of January, 1834. Subscribers: S. W. Smith, John C. Craig, John Heth, P. Devlin enters filly by Barefoot, out of imported mare Alarm, Robert Tillotson enters filly by American Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot.

6. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropt spring of 1832, to run fall meeting 1835; two mile heats. Entrance \$300, h. f. Five subscribers, and closed:

F. P. Corbin, enters a Charles filly, out of Star's dam.

T. R. S. Boyce, filly Carmenta by Apparition; dam by Eclipse Herod.

Thomas H. Burwell, ch. c. Bedouin, by Timoleon; dam Hippona.

R. Gilmor, Jr. ch. f. by Sir Charles, out of Betsey Robinson.

John Ridgely, ch. c. out of Sparrowhawk's dam, by Timoleon.

MR. EDITOR:

*Marianna, Fl. Dec. 8, 1832.*

In the tenth number of the third volume of your Turf Register, we find that the following resolution has been adopted by the Treehill Jockey Club:

"*Resolved*, That, for the future, no horse shall be permitted to start for any purse, under the direction of this club, which has been distanced in a dead heat."

Being somewhat in doubt as to the proper construction of the resolution, and how far the exclusion extends, we have taken the liberty of troubling you for an explanation.

Are horses thus distanced not permitted to start for a purse on any succeeding day?

Very respectfully,

J. J. PITTMAN,

J. PORTER LOCKHART,

JOHN P. BOOTH.

[The rule, no doubt, means that the horse so distanced shall only be excluded from running again in that particular race; but the raising of the question shows how important it is to avoid (and we might perhaps say, especially in all matters connected with the regulation of the turf) that *ambiguity of language or expression* which wise philosophers have regarded as amongst the most fruitful sources of evil. Witness that Pandora's box in our constitution—"the general welfare."]

MR. EDITOR:

*Hicksford, Va. Nov. 19, 1832.*

You will be pleased to learn that the Belfield Jockey Club has been organised, and that the next suite of races, over this fashionable course, will commence on the second Wednesday in April, 1833.

Yours, &c.

A. T. B. MERRITT.





### RACING CALENDAR.

#### NEW IBERIA (Lou.) RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, October 10, 1832.

*First day*, purse \$300; entrance \$30; three mile heats.

Jonas Marsh's ch. f. Bet Tracy, three years old, by Stockholder;		
dam by Pacolet,	-	1 1
D. Weeks' b. h. Paul Clifford, five years old, by Stockholder;		
dam by Oscar,	-	2 2
J. H. Thomas' b. h. Dion, aged,	-	dis.

*Second day*, purse \$200; entrance \$20; two mile heats.

Jonas Marsh's b. f. May Dacre, three years old, by Stockholder;		
dam by Truxton,	-	1
B. Ballew's b. g. Lord Nelson, six years old,	-	dis.
D. Spark's ch. g. Volunteer, five years old,	-	dis.

*Third day*, purse \$100; entrance \$10; mile heats.

W. S. Harding's b. g. Snapping Turtle, six years old, by Pacific,	1 1
Mr. Etir's ch. g. Schoolboy, six years old,	2 dis.

N. B. During the three days the weather was very bad, and the track in a very unfit condition for running; consequently the time was not good. Next spring we hope for something better. S. W. W. Sec'y.

#### CIRCLEVILLE (Ohio) RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, October 17, 1832.

*First day*, purse \$150; three mile heats.

H. H. Halley's br. h. Othello, four years old, by Cherokee; dam		
by Whip,	-	1 1
R. Hutchinson's br. h. Cooper, four years old, by Cherokee; dam		
by imported Buzzard,	-	2 2
W. S. Thompson's b. c. Bourbon, three years old, by Hephestion;		
dam by Elk,	-	3 dis.
Time, first heat, 6 m. 15 s.—second heat, 6 m. 4 s.		

*Second day*, purse \$100; two mile heats.

Wm. S. Thompson's ch. c. Isora, three years old, by Bertrand;		
dam by Bonaventure,	-	1 1
George Ramsay's br. m. Polly Hopkins, four years old, by Ber-		
trand; dam by imported Buzzard,	-	2 2
Time, first heat, 4 m.—second heat, 3 m. 56 s.		

*Third day*, purse \$75; mile heats.

Jas. Pryor's ch. f. Polly Washington, three years old, by Regulus.

J. G. Darby's b. c. Gabarella, by Bertrand; dam by Whip.

Mr. Hutchinson's Clara Fisher, three years old, by Council.

Purse taken by Polly Washington.

*Fourth day*, a sweepstakes; mile heats.

R. Hutchinson's br. h. Cooper.

John E. Vanmater's ch. g. Bachelor, four years old.

Thos. Crull's br. g. Doublehead, six years old.

Won by Cooper.—Time, first heat, 2 m. 3 s.—second heat, 2 m.

THOS. BURRELL, JR. Sec'ry.

### JACKSON (Tenn.) RACES,

Commenced October—1832.

*First day*, a sweepstakes for two year olds; ten entrances, \$100 each; three started; mile heats.

Col. Wright's (entered by Col. Miller) ch. c. Sam Patch, by Timoleon; dam by Conqueror.

Dr. Butler's gr. f. Pauline, by Stockholder; dam a Pacolet.

Maj. Martin's br. f. Disappointment, by Pacific; dam by Bagdad.

Won by Sam Patch, at two heats.

Time, first heat, 1 m. 58 s.—second heat, 2 m. 2 s.—Track heavy, after a hard rain.

*Second day*, Jockey Club purse \$300; three mile heats.

Col. Miller's b. h. Cupbearer, four years old, by Stockholder; dam by Whip.

Col. Cotton's ch. h. Walk-in-the-Water, four years old; dam by Buzzard.

Mr. Newson's gr. h. Lazarus, five years old, by Stockholder; dam a Medley.

Won by Cupbearer, at two heats.

Time, first heat, 5 m. 50 s.—second heat, 6 m. 4 s.—Track rough.

*Third day*, purse \$200; two mile heats.

Col. Miller's gr. h. Rattle Cash, five years old, by Stockholder; dam a Pacolet.

Mr. Newson's br. m. by Stockholder.

Won by Rattle Cash, at two heats.

Time, first heat, 3 m. 58 s.—second heat, 4 m. 5 s.

*Fourth day*, purse \$155; mile heats.

Mr. Newson's ch. f. three years old, by Sir William; dam by Diomed.

Col. Wright's b. c. Tom Benton, three years old, by Redfox.

Col. Miller's b. h. Polander, five years old, by Stockholder; dam by Dugannon.

Won by Mr. Newson's mare, at three heats.—First heat taken by Polander.

Time, first heat, 1 m. 55 s.—second heat, 1 m. 58 s.—third heat, 2 m. 2 s.

[Nashville Banner, Nov. 1, 1832.]

### YORKVILLE (S. C.) RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, October 31, 1832.

*First day*, purse \$200; two mile heats.

Thos. B. Byrd's ch. h. Expectation, four years old, by Phenomenon; dam by Gallatin, - - - - - 1 1

S. P. Bailey's ch. g. Dromedary, six years old, by Hephestion; dam by Sertorius, - - - - - 2 dis.

D. S. McNeel's ch. g. Gallatin,\* aged, by Gallatin; dam by Knowsley, - - - - - dis.

Robert Watson's b. g. Pantaloon, aged, by Little's Pantaloon, dis.

Time, first heat, 4 m. 5 s.—second heat, 4 m. 24 s.

Second day, purse balance of subscription; mile heats.

Troy Lumpkin's gr. f. Nancy Miller, four years old, by Rob Roy; dam by Hephestion, - - - - - 1 1

T. B. Byrd's b. m. Blue Bonnets, five years old, by Phenomenon; dam by Alonzo, - - - - - 4 2

C. M. Hart's r. m. Cross Ann, four years old, by Wild Medley; dam by Sertorius, - - - - - 2 3

R. B. Houston's gr. g. Young Bertrand, five years old, by Financier, - - - - - 3 4

S. P. Bailey's b. f. Bertrand Filly, three years old, by Bertrand; dam by Potomac, - - - - - 5 dr.

Time, first heat, 1 m. 56 s.—second heat, 2 m. 5 s.

Third day, handicap purse, the entrance money of all the days; mile heats, best three in five.

Troy Lumpkin's gr. f. Nancy Miller, 97 lbs. - - - - - 3 1 1 1

Thos. B. Byrd's ch. h. Expectation, 100 lbs. - - - - - 4 3 2 2

D. S. McNeel's ch. g. Gallatin, a feather, - - - - - 2 5 4 3

R. Watson's b. g. Pantaloon, a feather, - - - - - 1 2 3 4

Samuel P. Bailey's ch. g. Dromedary, a feather, - - - - - 5 4 5 5

Time, first heat, 1 m. 58 s.—second heat, 1 m. 58 s.—third heat, 1 m. 56 s.—fourth heat, 1 m. 55 s.

#### HUNTSVILLE (Alab.) RACES,

Commenced on Friday, November 9, 1832.

First day, purse \$404; three mile heats.

J. W. Camp's h. Whalebone, by Sir Archy, - - - - - 2 1 1

J. Connally's m. Molly Long, by Stockholder, - - - - - 1 2 2

J. B. Carter's m. Piano, by Bertrand, fell.

Time, first heat, 7 m. 10 s.—second heat, 6 m. 52 s.—third heat, 7 m. 5 s.

Second day, purse \$304; two mile heats.

J. C. Beasley's m. Polly Powell, by Virginian, - - - - - 1 1

N. Davis' h. Simon Kenton, by Bertrand, - - - - - 2 2

J. Connally's m. Pocahontas, by Napoleon, - - - - - 3 dis.

Time, first heat, 4 m. 26 s.—second heat, 4 m. 20 s.

Third day, purse \$202; mile heats.

J. W. Camp's Longwaist, by Sir Archy, - - - - - 1 1

N. Davis' Purdy, by Sir Archy, - - - - - 2 dis.

J. Connally's h. Lincoln, - - - - - 3 dis.

Maj. Gee's m. Sally Moore, by Marshal Ney, - - - - - 4 dr.

Time, first heat, 1 m. 59 s.—second heat, 1 m. 57 s.

Fourth day, purse \$200; mile heats, best three in five.

J. Connally's Pocahontas, - - - - - 3 3 1 1 1

J. W. Camp's Frozenhead, by Crusher, - - - - - 2 2 3 2 2

Maj. Gee's Hercules, by Crusher, - - - - - 1 1 2 dr.

Time, first heat, 1 m. 57 s.—second heat, 1 m. 57 s.—third heat, 1 m. 58½ s.—fourth heat, 2 m. 5 s.—fifth heat, 2 m. 3½ s.

JOHN W. OTEY, Sec'y.

\* The ch. g. Gallatin came out second in the heat; but was declared distanced, because his rider dismounted without repairing to the stand to be weighed.

## GREENSBURG (Ken.) CENTRAL COURSE RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, November 14, 1832.

*First day*, purse \$135; three mile heats.

Mr. Willis' b. g. Whip, four years old, by Whip; dam by Diomed,	1	1
Mr. Mitchell's b. g. Hailstorm, three years old, by Napoleon;		
dam Hagar,	2	2
Mr. Stapp's b. h. Benton, four years old, by Sir William; dam		
by Cedar,		dis.

Time, first heat, 6 m. 25 s.—second heat, 6 m. 43 s.

*Second day*, purse \$210; two mile heats.

Mr. Stapp's b. h. Arragon, five years old, by Diomed; dam by		
Whip,	1	1
Mr. Willis' b. g. Whip,*	2	2
Mr. Barnett's ch. g. Vertumnus, six years old, by Diomed; dam		
Kit,	3	dis.
Mr. Simpson's b. g. Bulger, four years old, by Whip; dam by		
Diomed,		dis.

Time, first heat, 4 m. 13 s.—second heat, 4 m. 12 s.

*Third day*, purse \$55; mile heats, best three in five.

Mr. Mitchell's b. g. Hailstorm,	3	2	2	1	1	1
Mr. Stapp's b. h. Benton,	2	1	1	2	2	2
Mr. Barnett's ch. g. Vertumnus,	1	3	dis.			
Time, first heat, 2 m. 5 s.—second heat, 2 m. 4 s.—third heat, 2 m. 4 s.—						
fourth heat, 2 m. 4 s.—fifth heat, 2 m. 8 s.—sixth heat, 2 m. 12 s.						

## NEWHOPE (N. C.) RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, November 28, 1832.

*First day*, for two year old colts and fillies; a single mile.

Joshua Corprew's b. c. by Marion,	1	1
William M. West's ch. c. by Monsieur Tonson,	2	2
Time, 2 m. 14 s.		

*Second day*, proprietor's purse \$150; two mile heats.

J. S. Garrison's ch. m. Arabia Felix, four years old, by Arab;		
97 lbs.	1	1
J. C. Goode's b. h. Wagoner, five years old, by Arab; 110 lbs.	2	dr.

*Third day*, Jockey Club purse \$350; three mile heats.

J. S. Garrison's b. m. Sally Hornet, six years old, by Sir Archy;		
115 lbs.	1	1
Wm. M. West's b. f. Lady Sumner, three years old, by Shawnee;		
83 lbs.	3	2

J. C. Goode's b. m. Mary Jane, five years old, by Bertrand, - 4 3

Henry Maclin's b. m. Jane Shore, five years old, by Sir Archy, 2 4

Time, first heat, 6 m. 15 s.—second heat, 6 m. 4 s.

The first mile, in the second heat, was run in 2 m.—the second mile in 1 m. 58 s. This heat was beautifully contested between Sally Hornet and Lady Sumner; the latter taking the lead at starting, and was only passed by Sally Hornet at the commencement of the last mile in the heat. The track was unusually heavy, the sand being cut up to a considerable depth.

*Fourth day.*

Suger Byant's b. m. five years old, by Arab; 107 lbs.	1	1
Henry Maclin's gr. h. aged, 121 lbs.	3	2
William H. Pope's ch. m. four years old, by Shawnee; 97 lbs.	2	3
Time, first heat, 2 m. 2 s.—second heat, 2 m. 5 s.		

H. WILKES, Sec'ry.

\* Permitted to enter by consent, although excluded by the club's rules.



## TURF REGISTER.

*Stud of D. H. Allen, Esq. of Clifton,  
Frederick Co. Va.*

**MACBETH**, (foaled April 15, 1828, and bred by the late Hon. Bartlett Yancey, of Caswell county, N. C.) a blood bay, with black legs, mane and tail, and without a white hair; five feet three inches high; got by Sir Archy; dam by Shylock; grandam Lady Burton, (dam of Coutre Snapper, &c.—see Am. Turf Reg. vol. i. p. 419,) by Sir Archy; g. grandam Sultana, by the Arabian horse and out of the Arabian mare which were presented to President Jefferson, by the Bey of Tunis, through his ambassador Melle-Melle.

**CONSTANTIA**, b. m. (foaled 1814,) by imported Whip; dam by imported Bedford; grandam by imp. Shark; g. grandam by Wormley's King Herod; g. g. grandam by imported Morton's Traveller; g. g. g. grandam by imported Whittington, out of a thoroughbred mare.

*Her produce:*

Count Bertrand, b. h. (foaled April 16, 1828;) five feet four inches and a half high; by old Bertrand, of South Carolina.

Ariadne, b. f. (foaled April, 1829,) by Bertrand, of South Carolina.

Romulus, a b. twin c. (foaled April 7, 1831,) by old Kosciusko.

Ch. f. foaled May 11, 1832; by Botts' Lafayette.

Now in foal to Macbeth.

Gr. m. foaled 1825; by Randolph's Gracchus, out of a thoroughbred mare, owned by Mr. H. Hammond, and bred in North Carolina.

*Her produce:*

Gr. c. foaled March 30, 1830; by old Ratler.

Gr. c. foaled March 13, 1832; by Lafayette.

She is now in foal to Count Bertrand.

**SALLY HILL**, dark ch. m. (foaled 1818,) bred by C. B. Berkeley, Esq. by Trafalgar; dam, Musidora, by imported Archduke; grandam, Proserpine, by imported Daredevil; g.

grandam by Clodius; g. g. grandam by Bolton; g. g. g. grandam Sally Wright, by Yorick, out of a full bred mare of Col. John Tayloe's.—(For pedigree of Trafalgar, see Turf Reg. vol. iii. p. 370; for pedigree of Clodius or Claudius, see Turf Reg. vol. ii. p. 309.)

*Her produce:*

Jim Crow, bl. c. (foaled May 6, 1831; by Lafayette.

B. f. foaled May 13, 1832; by Lafayette.

In foal to Count Bertrand.

**SALLY WILSON**, br. m. (foaled 1824,) by Blackburn's old Whip; her dam by Hamiltonian, by imported Diomed.

*Her produce:*

B. f. foaled 1829; by Saxe Weimar, full brother of Kosciusko and Crusader.

B. c. foaled May 10, 1831; by Buzzard.

B. f. foaled May 18, 1832; by Lafayette.

In foal to Macbeth.

**BLACKROSE**, bl. m. (foaled 1826,) by Stockholder, (by Sir Archy;) dam by Hamiltonian, (by imported Diomed;) grandam by Columbus, by imported Pantaloon, out of Lady Northumberland.

*Her produce:*

B. c. foaled March 13, 1832; by D. Bryan's Young Bertrand.

In foal to Macbeth.

**CHARLOTTE**, b. m. (foaled 1827,) by Thornton's Ratler, out of a full bred mare, owned by Mr. G. Wall.

*Her produce:*

B. f. foaled April 10, 1831; by Lafayette—dead.

Ch. f. foaled May 8, 1832; by Lafayette—dead.

In foal to Macbeth.

**CORNELIA**, ch. m. (foaled 1828,) by Randolph's Gracchus, out of the dam of Charlotte.

*Her produce:*

Ch. f. foaled May 31, 1832; by Lafayette.

In foal to Macbeth.

**PIZARRO**, dark ch. c. (foaled May 10, 1829;) also bred by Mr. Yancey, of North Carolina; by Monsieur Tonson, out of the dam of Macbeth.

**WILDCAT**, b. m. (foaled July 21, 1828,) by Bertrand, of South Carolina; her dam by Cupbearer, (by imported Bedford;) her grandam by Gimcrack, by imported Medley.

*Her produce:*

B. f. foaled April 2, 1832; by Lafayette.

In foal to Macbeth.

**MARCELLA**, b. f. (foaled 1829,) by Saxe Weimar; dam by Blackburn's Whip; grandam the Cupbearer mare, dam of Wildcat.

Ch. f. (foaled September 8, 1830,) by Kosciusko, out of the dam of Wildcat—dead.

**DIANA**, b. m. (foaled 1828,) by Saxe Weimar; dam by Blackburn's Whip; grandam by imp. Touchstone.

*Her produce:*

Br. f. foaled May 24, 1832; by Hephestion, who was by imported Buzzard, out of Castianira, the dam of Sir Archy.

In foal to Macbeth.

B. f. (foaled 1829,) by Hephestion, out of the dam of Diana. Sold to Geo. Marlow, of Loudon county, Va.

**CECILIA**, b. m. (foaled 1828,) by Bertrand; dam by Tiger, the best son of Blackburn's Whip; (see *Am. Turf Reg.* vol. i. p. 522;) grandam by Plenipo, by imported Messenger, out of Fatima.

She is in foal to Macbeth.

**REBECCA**, b. m. (foaled 1828,) by Bertrand; dam by Thompson's Medley, by imported Medley; (see *Am. Turf Reg.* vol. iii. p. 319;) grandam by McKenny's Roan.

In foal to Macbeth.

**KOSCUSKO**, ch. f. (foaled 1830,) by old Kosciusko; dam by Blackburn's Whip; grandam by Lamplighter; g. grandam by Melzar. Lamplighter and Melzar were both capital sons of imported old Medley.

Any part of the above stock is for sale, with the reservation only of one mare or filly of each family.

*Pedigrees of horses in the stud of Col. John D. Maclin, of Greenville Co. Va.*

**PANTONIA**, by Bedford; dam by Daredevil; Shark; celebrated mare Indian Queen, by Pilgrim. Pilgrim, by Fearnought, out of Brandon, the dam of Celer, Claudius, Quicksilver, Fitzpartner, and others. She was by imported Aristotle; imported Whittington; imported Jolly Roger. Indian Queen was dam of Belville, and grandam of Sir William, and g. grandam of Henry.

*Her produce:*

Halkina, by Sir Hal; in foal to Eclipse.

Merlin, by Sir Archy; sold in 1827, when three years old, to Col. Wynn, for \$2000.

Lady Field, by Sir Archy; covered by Monsieur Tonson.

Lancet, by Sir Archy; likely to prove a valuable stallion. When two years old, \$2000 were refused for Lancet.

Equina, by Arab.

Formosa, by Roanoke.

*HALKINA'S produce:*

Tressilian, by Marquis.

Elastic, by Timoleon.

*LADY FIELD'S produce:*

Cricket, by Winter Arabian.

**BEDFORDIA**, by Bedford; dam by Shark; Centinel, Americus, Valiant, Jolly Roger, Aristotle, Janus. In foal to Monsieur Tonson.

*Her produce:*

b. c. Baron Steuben, by Pulaski.

*Mares in the stud of Ezekiel Williams, Esq. of Waynesborough, Geo.*

**FAIR AMERICAN**, by old Gallatin; dam by Dentatus; grandam by Shark.

*Her produce:*

Mambrino, by Troup; Troup, by Contention.

Both in foal to American Eclipse.

**ANVIL**, (bred by Landon Carter, Esq. of Sabine Hall, Va.) by Col. Hoomes' imported Cormorant; dam by Bellair; grandam (got in England) by Tattersall's Highflyer; g. grandam imported Grimaldi, (the dam of Col. Tayloe's Virago,) by Star; dam

Virago, sister to *Æsop*, by the Panton Arabian; by Shock, out of the Little Hartley mare, by Childers; Flying Whig, by Williams' Woodstock Arabian.

**SIR WILLIAM**, (bred by J. B. Richardson, Esq.) by Sir Archy; dam Transport, by Virginus; grandam Nancy Air, by Bedford; Annette, by Shark; by Rockingham, by Gallant, by True Whig, by old Regulus, by Spotswood's old Diamond. (For pedigree of Rockingham, &c. see Turf Reg. vol. ii. p. 309.)

**MERCURY**, by Dr. Thornton's imported Driver; dam by Hall's imported Eclipse; grandam by Union; by imported Traveller, out of the imported mare Selima, by the Godolphin Arabian.

**ÆOLUS**, by Specimen; dam (also the dam of Sim's Wildair) by imported Jolly Roger; grandam Braxton's imported mare Kitty Fisher.

**DRIVER**, (imp.) by Lord Egremont's Driver; dam (full sister to Strawberry) by Dorimant; grandam Muse, by Herod; by Sheperd's Crab; Miss Meredith, by Cade; Little Hartley mare.

**O'CONNELL**, by Sir William; dam Primrose, by Madison; grandam Virago, by imported Whip; g. grandam by *Æolus*, by Regulus; g. g. grandam by Celer; Janus.

**KATY ANN**, (half sister to Medoc,) belonging to Lewis Beach, Esq. and bred by James Bathgate, Esq. of West Farms, by Oscar, (by Gabriel;) dam by imported Expedition; grandam Maid of the Oaks.

*Her produce:*

ch. c. by American Eclipse.

ch. f. Lady Tomlin, by American Eclipse.

b. c. by Sir Lovel.

In foal to Talma, by Henry.

*New York, Dec. 8, 1832.*

**MR. EDITOR:**

I have a two year old colt by Eclipse, out of Romp. The blood of this colt is singular; he has not a

drop of any other blood in him save his sire's. He was got by Eclipse, out of Romp; she out of old Romp, by Duroc. Old Romp was out of the Pot80's mare, and full sister to Eclipse's mother, Miller's Damsel.—I do not remember to have seen such another cross. J. C. STEVENS.

#### TOUCHSTONE.

The pedigree of the imported horse Touchstone has been asked for by a subscriber. It is inserted for his satisfaction; but it will be found that he is only a half bred horse, as will appear by the pedigree, and the annexed letter of a worthy correspondent, who kept him in 1807.

Touchstone, (imp.) by Clothier, (by Matchem,) out of Bethell's mare Riot. Riot, by Regulus, out of the dam of Woodcock and Castaway, by Darley's Arabian. Matchem, by Cade, out of a Partner mare. Thus it will be seen that Touchstone's ancestry, on the dam's side, is not given.

*Warminster, Pa. Jan. 6, 1833.*

**MR. EDITOR:**

I know nothing more about the pedigree of Touchstone. I sent it as it was handed me by Mr. John Parker, one of his owners, from whom I rented him for the season. He was never considered a thoroughbred horse in our county. I cannot say, at this time, who imported him, nor where he was landed. He stood in our county, I think, two or three seasons, shortly after he was imported. He then went to New Jersey, and staid several seasons. He came back to Bucks county in the year 1807, and I kept him for mares that season. Sometime in the fall, the three owners,—Mr. Ashder, of New York, Mr. Ralph Philips, of New Jersey, and Mr. Parker,—came to my house. Mr. Philips purchased him, and took him and old Saurkrout to Kentucky. I cannot say anything more about him or his pedigree. I think it is all that ever was given in any of his handbills, in New Jersey or Pennsylvania.

I am yours, respectfully,

THOMAS BEANS.

## CORRECTIONS, &amp;c.

Vol. iv. No. 2, p. 104: For "Clotus" read *Æolus*.

MR. EDITOR:

Wilmington, N. C. Dec. 17, 1832.

In the December number of the Register is published an account of the races at Hillsborough, N. C. in September *last*. There is a mistake in the account; as those were the races run in 1831, and the races of September, 1832, were run by different horses.

W. B. M.

MR. EDITOR:

Woodville, Miss. Nov. 30, 1832.

Allow me to correct an error that occurred in the September number of the Sporting Magazine, p. 32. Under the head of Winning Horses, you give to Mercury ("by Sir Archy, dam by Sir Archy") the credit of having got Madge Wildfire and Little Jack; whereas, the sire of both these racers was Gustine's horse Mercury, by Virginian—one of the best racers that ever ran in the western country, and decidedly the best stallion that ever made a season in this state. His liberal minded proprietor paid a high price for him, for the express purpose of improving our stock; and he made three or four seasons in Adams county, where, much to the regret of all lovers of fine horses, he died, in the fall of 1831, just when his colts began to attain celebrity on the turf. He stood at \$50; and I have no doubt, had he been in Virginia, he would have sustained the celebrity of his distinguished sire.

You are also incorrect when you suppose Red Rover to have been got by Young Pacolet. He was got by old Pacolet, out of a Whip mare. Old Pacolet was brought to this state, and run by a Col. Gildart; and he has now some fine colts with us, viz: Col. Bingaman's Red Rover, Gen. McCausland's Uncle Toby, dam by Diomed, &c. He afterwards returned to Tennessee.

Yours, sir, &c.

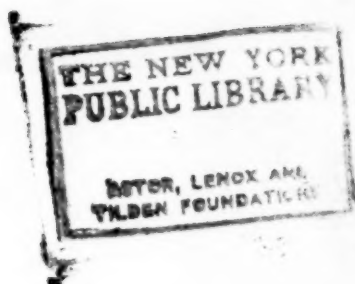
G. L. P.

## A MISTAKE AFTER ALL!—CORRECTED.

MARIA SLAMMERKIN (at p. 104, No. 2, vol. iii. the pedigree of *old Slammerkin* has been erroneously given to this mare) was bred in New Jersey, (I believe by Colonel Schamp, of Hunterdon county;) got by First Consul, formerly belonging to the late Messrs. Bond and Hughes, of Philadelphia. Her dam by Paragon, a horse bred by General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, in April, 1788, and got by old Flimnap, out of Camilla, who was got by Colonel Lewis Burwell's Traveller, son of Morton's imported Traveller, out of Colonel Burwell's famous mare Camilla, who was got by old Fearnought, out of Colonel Bird's noted imported mare Calista. Maria Slammerkin's grandam was Daniel Hunt's Figure mare, by Dr. Hamilton's imported Figure; g. g. dam Delancey's Slammerkin; g. g. g. dam the imported Cub mare, by Cub, son of old Fox. Maria Slammerkin was the dam of Dr. Darcy's Lady Relief, (since dead,) that was second best in the twenty mile race, of five heats of four miles, (one being a dead heat,) run last month (October) over the Union Course; and of a chestnut horse, by the name of Sir Charles, which proved a winner, over the same course, in 1829 and 1830—the property of Mr. Smith Freeman and the late Mr. William Gordon of N. J.

It was not my intention to have again appeared in the pages of the Turf Register, being about to assume a deep interest, as proprietor and editor of a periodical sporting work, to be entitled the "NEW YORK SPORTING MAGAZINE AND ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN TURF," which will make its appearance in February next, and which, I hope, will not be less acceptable to the sporting community, emanating from the pen of AN OLD TURFMAN.







BYRON.

Property of Col. W. R. Johnson and Josiah W. Ware, Esq.  
 Improved for the American Flat Trackers, Sporting Magazine.

Hannover, N.C.

